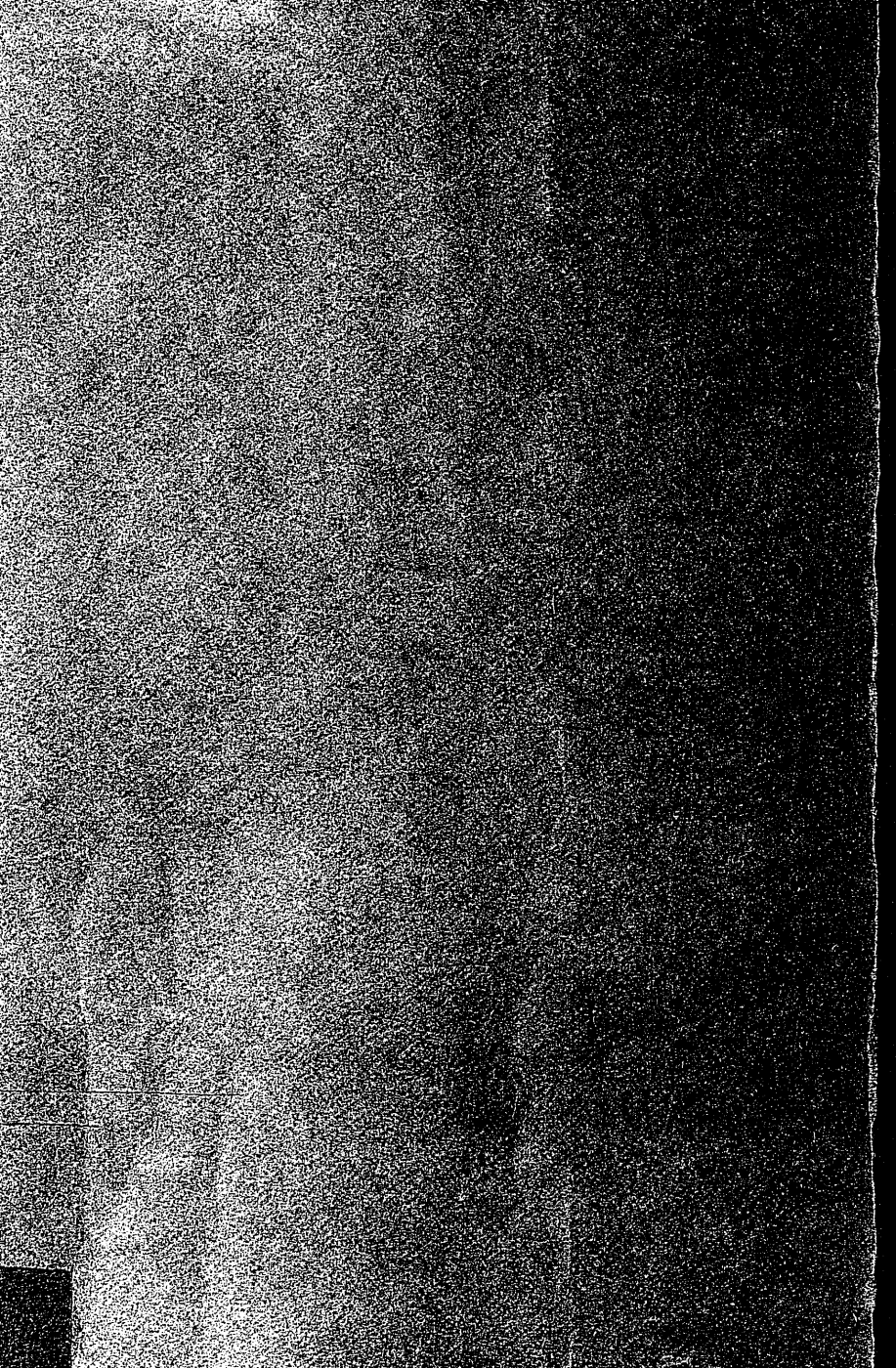




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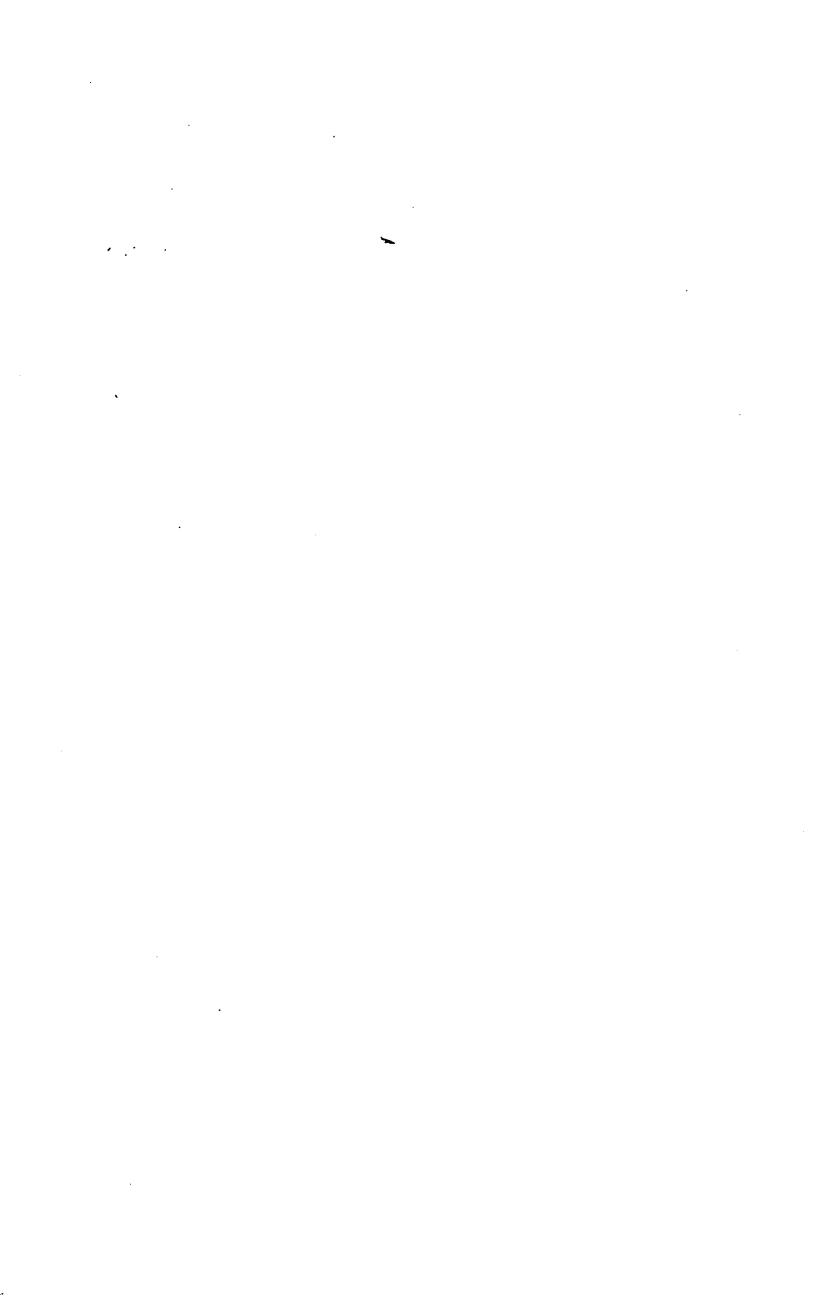
THE
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The Attractiveness of Goodness

The Attractiveness of Goodness

By the
Right Rev.
Arthur F. Winnington-Ingram, D.D.
Lord Bishop of London

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The Young Churchman Co.

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Preface

I HAVE chosen "The Attractiveness of Goodness" as the title of this book, not only because it is the subject of the first sermon, but because it describes accurately and truly the Gospel we must preach to-day. In various guises, this note underlies every sermon in this volume, and binds the book together.

It is not only the student at Bishop's College, Cheshunt (Sermon I.), who must learn to have and to display a goodness which will win the world, but also it is only an attractive goodness which will hold the emigrant to Canada, who is looking for a "new Heaven and a new earth" (Sermon II.). In the new land old ties and old ideas have been left behind, and it is only a religion which commends itself to his best conscience which will hold him for a day. To be a "polished shaft" (Sermon III.) in the hand of God must be made to seem delightful,

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or no young man will find such a prospect more alluring than the hundreds of competing prospects opening out to him to-day. To put the "new wine into the new bottles" (Sermon IV.), and draw out once again the revolutionary power of the Church (Sermon VI.), must attract us if we are to do it. Such a call will be heard alone by men and women with enthusiasm and high ideals. The picture of Gordon (Sermon V.) standing in his white uniform at the top of the steps at Khartoum awaiting his death is one of the most glorious pictures in history.

No young man will attempt to make the "great voyage of discovery" (Sermon VII.) unless he feels that such a voyage is the romance of the world.

To the serried masses of men in the Guildhall I tried—ineffectively enough, God knows, but to the best of my power—to paint the Christian religion as the secret of peace (Sermon VIII.), the spring of Praise (Sermon IX.), and the Hope of Glory (Sermon X.) ; and the last picture in the book of the FATHER, advancing across the dark common at night, holding the

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lamp in the one hand (Sermon XI.), and with the other outstretched to draw His child to Him "with the cords of a man and the bands of love" (Sermon XII.), must attract, if it does not repel; and if it repels, we are bound to ask ourselves whether it is that we love darkness rather than light because our deeds are evil.

I send forth, therefore, this book, with all its imperfections, to sound this one note in the darkness and cast this one ray of light: "Goodness is the one thing worth having in the world, and Holiness far and away the most beautiful."

If this one little ray of light can fall upon any darkened heart or despairing soul, it will bear its part, however humble, in the dawning of the day which will change the world (Sermon XIII.).

A. F. LONDON.

Feast of the Purification, 1913.

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I

THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF GOODNESS*

“O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.”—
Ps. xcvi. 9.

WHEN one thinks over on a quiet morning why it is that the Christian religion is not a stronger power in the world than it is, although it is far the strongest power that there is in the world, I think one must come to the conclusion that the reason is that we have not really learned to believe in the attractiveness of goodness. We do not fully appreciate at the bottom of our hearts the beauty of holiness. We think goodness—certainly those do who come out on a hot summer morning to a festival like this—is right and proper, but do we not sometimes think it

* Preached in Cheshunt Parish Church in connection with the Annual Festival of Bishops' College.

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dull? Not one of us can say that we ought not to be holy, but do we desire holiness as the most beautiful and attractive thing in the world? Now, it is quite certain that until we do there always will be lacking that kind of passion for goodness which can only characterise a body of people who are straining for what they intensely desire.

We grow like what we admire. What really settles our character is not, as it were, the outward temple where we worship, but what there is before our minds which we really desire to be ; and what we admire, that we grow like. And until we passionately desire to be good, until holiness is the most beautiful thing in the world to us, we shall experience little progress in our spiritual lives and make few conquests for the Christian Faith.

I. I want, then, first of all to face the question, Why is it that, if we can only see it, holiness must be the most beautiful thing in the world? Perhaps then we shall learn what there is in us, what there is about our spiritual eyesight, which prevents us from seeing that it is so. Why is it certain that holiness must be the most

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beautiful thing in the world and goodness the most attractive ?

(1) In the first place, because GOD, Who is perfectly holy, must be the most beautiful Person in His own universe. When one is climbing in Switzerland and looking from the top of some snow-mountain at the sunrise, it is beautiful to see the peaks flushing pink, then a deeper pink, then a red, then the whole place lighted up with glory. But it is, after all, nothing to the appearance of the sun as it comes up like a giant refreshed, with great leaps and bounds, above the horizon. The sun is more beautiful than any effect which it produces.

None of us denies that there are beautiful things in the world. When you go forth to your first curacy, you will find in your own district things which will strike you as very beautiful—the woman who, perhaps, never comes to church, sitting up all night with a sick neighbour as a matter of course. Then the love of the children—how beautiful that is ! In the world, as we watch it, we see beautiful effects, and we must acknowledge how beautiful they are. Watch the patience of a wife—I see

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it constantly before my eyes—nursing, with absolute devotion, a sick husband many years ill. If these things are beautiful, as they are ; if the effect is beautiful—whence do they all come? I hold that if GOD produces these effects in the world, I am right in contending that He must be more beautiful than any effect which He has produced.

Or look at Nature. Look at the lovely world on a fine day. Where does the beauty come from? We must acknowledge the truth of that old hymn—

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou dost bless :
But, O, what then must Thou be like—
Eternal loveliness ?

GOD, then, Who is perfectly holy, must be the most beautiful Person in His own universe.

(2) And this becomes all the more certain when we see what happened when He revealed Himself in human form in this world.

Of course, it is quite true that many people hated JESUS CHRIST. When pure goodness does appear, and men do not want to be good, they do hate it. And naturally many people in

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London would hate Him to-day with furious hatred, for crossing, contradicting, and judging their own lives. But still, when He came to the unprejudiced and pure-hearted, He won the world—pure goodness won the world when it appeared; even His enemies had to admit, “See how ye prevail nothing: behold, the world is gone after Him.” “The common people heard Him gladly.” Children knew Him in a moment for their Friend. The poor sick man looked up and loved his Healer; he loved the kind face bent down over him. Even the centurion—as we should now say, the “man in the street”—looking from the outside point of view, at the end of the long hours on the Cross, said, “Surely this man was a Son of God.” He must have meant at least as much as this. And, therefore, when you get holiness pure and goodness unadulterated, it does win the world. It won the world when it appeared, quite unadulterated, in the face of JESUS CHRIST. The glory, grace, and truth of GOD were shown in the face of JESUS CHRIST.

(3) And, again, still keeping to the first argument that holiness really is beautiful, trace the

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beautiful effect produced on the world since the coming of the HOLY GHOST. Think of all the wonders which the HOLY GHOST (notice the title) has produced in the world. There are some (I think the thought is in that beautiful book on the HOLY SPIRIT by Bishop Webb) who trace the glory of each separate flower in the world to the HOLY SPIRIT—the HOLY SPIRIT in creation thinking out all the beautiful hues and colours. But even if that may be going beyond what we know, it is certainly true that all the beauties of character—faith, and hope, and love—which spring forth like flowers, are produced by the HOLY GHOST, and that these have been produced in tenfold measure since the HOLY GHOST came down upon this earth, and we have had the fulness of His Presence.

For every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

And you who are parish priests, can you not see the effects of the same HOLY SPIRIT on your Confirmation candidates, when you prepare them carefully, and the HOLY GHOST comes

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down upon them, and we have a beautiful Confirmation, of which no Bishop ever tires? Can you not see the effect of the HOLY SPIRIT in loveliness of character? Can you doubt, then, that holiness is beautiful?

(4) And, again, look at the saints, look at their witness to the attractiveness or goodness! See how the saints have lighted up their little bit of the world's darkness all through the history of the race. Think of what our Church history would be without the saints, how uninspiring history altogether would be. See how that one lights up one century and this one another, from St. Stephen down to Bishop King, and Canon Body, and Canon Brooke, just to mention a few of our own time, for we do ill to leave out the saints of our own lifetime. Or look at Bishop Hannington in the mission field! How they all light up their little bit of the world! How beautiful they are, how winning! When we see holiness in cases like these, it is beautiful; and therefore I hold it proved that, if we had only eyes to see, goodness is the most attractive thing in the world, and holiness the most beautiful.

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II. But now, secondly, comes the question : Why is it that so often we fail to see it ? In one of our London Missions there was one story which seemed to go home all down the Thames Valley. It was taken from Canon Robinson's book, the story of a man who went into a picture-gallery at Florence, and said to the custodian at the end of his inspection : "I don't think much of your masterpieces." He received this searching though quiet rebuke : "These pictures, sir, are not on their trial ; it is the spectators who are on their trial." But acknowledging that it is the spectators who are on their trial, why is it that in the Church to-day we do not see holiness always, at any rate, to be the beautiful thing it is ?

(1) It is because we get goodness so mixed up with dross, in ourselves and others, that we do not see it. We say : "Oh, he is a good man, but so dull"; or, "a good man, but rather a prig"; or, "a good man, but don't put him next me at dinner." What we forget is this, that the dross—the dross of stiffness of manner, of conceit, of dulness—gets mixed up with the goodness. And I really cannot think that we could do a greater

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service to the Church and nation to-day than if, in our private lives and in our parishes, we should see to it that this dross was purged away from the Church life of our time. There is jealousy among Churchworkers ; there is conceit sometimes even among our own clergy ; there are elements which sometimes put off people from Christianity—elements which we ought to get rid of in ourselves. And that is one reason why a theological college becomes such a necessity. It is here that men get broken up and remade. Here it is not simply what they are taught that matters, but the discipline they receive, and the purifying of their characters. Every one of us would have been better—whatever our training at the University—for the drilling and training and improving of the theological college afterwards. This is why the Bishops have agreed to see that in course of time this is done, so that we may have fewer things in the Church which disguise the holiness of the holy and disfigure the goodness of the good.

(2) Then, again, do we all realise what goodness and holiness really are ? Have we not made to ourselves sometimes a wrong type of

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the holy man ? In Church architecture we certainly owe much to stained-glass windows. But I sometimes wonder whether stained-glass windows have not had also, to some degree, an evil effect on the ideals of the Church. Have we not got in our minds the stained-glass-window type of sainthood, which sometimes repels so certainly those outside the Church ? We have not made obvious to everyone that sainthood is the most human thing in the world, that the man who is the greatest saint among us is the man with the readiest smile for the joke and the repartee, the one most in tune with the happiness of life as well as the sorrows of life. For the greatest saint you have got to look for the most human person ; and some of the names I have mentioned will occur to the mind as we think over it. There was Bishop King : we all knew, some of us so very well, how beautiful his character was, and yet how ready he was to respond to the slightest touch of humour. Or take the aggressiveness in action of a man like Canon Brooke, so forcible—forcible in his schemes, strong in carrying them out, ready to oppose wrong with passion. That

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is the kind of sainthood and kind of character, if we could only get it before our eyes, that we really should admire. We must beware of the stained-glass-window type of sainthood. When once we believe holiness and goodness to be human, lovable, winning, then every one of us would strive more earnestly to be holy.

(3) So, again, is it not true that sometimes our taste for the right thing becomes vitiated? It is said that drunkards actually loathe the pure waters of the spring. Why? Because their taste has become spoiled and vitiated, and so they have no taste for what is in itself pure and delicious.

Is there not a real danger of our taste for goodness and holiness becoming vitiated by feeding ourselves and our minds on wrong things? It would not apply so much to a congregation like this; but if a woman is content to feed her mind always on sensational novels, and to be always rushing from one excitement to another, her taste becomes spoiled, and she cannot care about quiet goodness in life. Holiness becomes distasteful to her; she has lost her taste for it. Or, a man does something wrong in

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boyhood ; this goes on into manhood ; he learns to love the wrong thing. It takes a long time to get our taste back for the right thing. There is nothing we should watch more carefully than the possibility of our taste becoming vitiated. And here is another great use of a beautiful place like Cheshunt, with its gardens and its quiet, and its lovely old church, and all the good and delicious life down here. It restores the taste of many a man who comes here ; he loves goodness again because goodness becomes lovable to him. This happens again and again in our theological colleges. I have asked many a man : "Have you enjoyed your time ?" "Yes, *indeed* I have," he replies. And why does he enjoy his time so much ? Because he is conscious in these places of getting back the taste which he had lost to some extent before coming.

(4) And, lastly, is it not true that because goodness looks so simple and holiness looks so easy, when you see the right type of a good and holy man or woman, you are apt to forget that, like art, which looks so easy, as if the artist had dashed off the picture, it has to be learned with the utmost care ? You have only

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got to speak, you are told, quite naturally, and address ordination candidates quite naturally ; and yet everyone knows that to speak even a little naturally wants years of practice and of training. And, therefore, we are apt to forget that this goodness—this “treasure hid in a field,” this “pearl of great price”—even when we have seen it, we have still to toil and toil, and work and work for it ; and it wants years of practice to be naturally good. And that is why we are glad that our young brothers here will have the assistance of a helpful place like this, and why all of us here to-day who have come to pray for them and cheer them on, must go back with a certain conviction in our minds that we too have to learn just what is carefully taught here—by quiet self-examination, by care with our tempers, by fighting with our besetting temptations—we have to learn to be good.

We have come, on its second festival, to give our prayers and offerings to this College and its work. We have had wonderful encouragement about it during the past year. Every man here has been so happy. Men sent out already have been so carefully trained. They have told

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others what a happy time they have had. We have been singularly blessed in the man sent here to work and guide the College. We owe a debt we shall never repay to the late Vicar of this parish, who carries away our love and gratitude. As he goes into retirement, he still sees a great deal to be done. We are still only launching the College. We believe the same GOD Who has helped us to launch it will carry it on its way. And the main thing we must aim at is that the men we send out from this College shall display the attractive goodness which alone can win the world. They must catch the spirit of the familiar lines :

Sing notes of love, that some who hear
Far off, inert, may lend an ear,
Rise up, and wonder, and draw near.

Live life of love, that others who
Behold your life may kindle, too,
With love, and cast their lot with you.

II

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH *

“And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth.” —
REV. xxi. 1.

It is the hope of this which cheers the emigrant as he comes out for the first time to Canada. “I shall find there,” he says, “‘a new Heaven and a new earth.’ I am weary of these sweating-dens in old London ; I am sick to death of looking for work day after day and finding none. I shall find a ‘new earth’ beyond the seas. I see pictures of men like myself who went out years ago, and they are new men to-day. I will go to the granary of the world, and I shall surely find bread ; I will go to the wide prairie, and I shall find space to breathe ; I will leave this old land where men tread on one

* Preached at All Saints’ Cathedral, Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the occasion of the opening in 1910.

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another's heels, and I will find this new earth, which covers one-third of the British Empire, and has only as yet seven million people, and I shall surely find there 'room to live.'" And with an even deeper longing, and in a more bitter note, there chimes in also the cry of the Galician peasant: "I want not only the common liberty of earth and air, but I want personal liberty; I want to live under a flag where rights are respected and justice is enforced; I want to live where a man can get the fruit of his labour, and have his children safely round him, and rear up his homestead and have his house as his castle. This is 'an earth' I have not known in the past, but I shall find it in Canada."

And with the new earth something tells him that he may find a new Heaven. It is hard to believe in GOD when the children cry for bread in London; it is hard to believe in GOD in countries where life and liberty are uncertain for kith or kin; but when the earth becomes new, the Heaven becomes new. I have known many a man in East London give his soul a fresh chance on going even to a new district outside London; the new earth brought with it "the

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new Heaven," and the man who never darkened the church-door from his old home finds himself in time the sidesman of a church in his new district. In breaking loose from the old associations and the bad habits of the past, many a man looks to Canada for a "new Heaven." "Old things are passed away, all things are to become new"—he gives his soul another chance. The very sound of church bells has an attraction connected with home which it did not have in the old homeland, and, unconsciously to himself, he looks for a fresh glimpse of GOD and a new view of eternal truth more glorious than the first sight of the Rocky Mountains. "We look"—seems to be the cry of the three hundred and sixty thousand who sweep annually into the North-West—"we look for a new Heaven and a new earth." Are they doomed to disappointment? That is the real question which the Church in Canada is called upon to answer.

How can this new nation, which will in all probability reach a hundred millions—destined, perhaps, to be the greatest nation for good or evil in the world, holding the key to the New

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World and to the Old, with unfathomed treasures and unexplored riches—satisfy the yearning desires of this great and growing multitude for something they have never seen on earth before ?

Now, it is clear that there must be in the new nation at least five things, if it is not to mock these hopes. And first there must be freedom. We British folk have drunk in the love of freedom with our first breath ; we have fought for it in the past against enemies who seemed certain at one time to crush it out ; and we have handed it on as a priceless boon to the new nations sprung from our loins. The new nation, then, must be gloriously free—all the freer because so gloriously loyal. But the freedom must be deeper and wider than political freedom in the ordinary sense. We are oppressed at home by monopolies from which we cannot without injustice become free—monopolies, for instance, to sell drink, given for nothing in the past, in which millions are now invested, belonging not only to the rich, but to the widow and the orphan. We have a land tenure of such a nature that it costs more to

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bring farm produce from a farm in the Midlands to London than from Canada to the home country. Let the new nation be a land of the free all round.

And with freedom must come equality of opportunity for all. Absolute equality is impossible—Nature itself is unequal; but a fair opportunity for all, that each one shall count for one, and no one for more than one; that no down-trodden slave shall find his way to this “new earth” without finding an equal chance with all the world—this can be accomplished. This must be accomplished, if this is to be the greatest nation in the world. It is not too late for this here and now; you are not tied down by class distinctions. There is only one aristocracy you know here—the aristocracy of merit; and in the new nation which is to be, there must dominate from end to end the quiet but far-reaching statement in the Bible—“There is but one God, even the FATHER, and all ye are brethren.”

In the third place, from end to end of the new nation there must be swift and accessible justice. You have inherited from the old

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homeland the glorious tradition of unbought and unbuyable justice, but let it be cheaper, and at least as quick. Nothing calms passion, nothing stops crime, nothing prevents the lawlessness of lynching so surely as the possession of incorruptible, speedy, and effective justice, ready (in the words written over the Central Criminal Court in London) "to avenge the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer." But to prevent the need of avenging justice, there must be fostered in the home life of Canada "temperance, soberness, and chastity." "Better," said Miss Ellice Hopkins very truly, "a fence at the top of a cliff than an ambulance at the bottom." And if you should recognise in the new nation one truth more clearly than another, it should be the sacredness of home life, the madness of allowing it to be broken up by easy divorce, the careful training of the young in habits of virtue, the happiness of the pure in heart, and the national blessing which follows those who keep the Fifth Commandment. The new nation which is to be depends upon the homes of Canada, and the homes of Canada depend upon every child being taught,

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in the words of the old Catechism, "to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity . . . to learn and labour truly, to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

But have we got even now a full picture of the new nation in its strength? Free, yes! Equal, yes! Just, yes! Sober and chaste, yes! But if that were all, the verdict would be, "One thing thou lackest"; and of it the words would most certainly be true: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am nothing." In other words, the Canada of the future must be no Pharisaical, self-sufficient, exclusive sister nation to the nations of the earth; but looking, as she will, East and West, glancing through the holes in the Rocky Mountains at Japan, and with a loyal and loving glance backward at the nation from which she sprang, she must be a true sister to the nations of the earth. There must breathe through her from end to end in the conduct of its members to one another, and through the nations as a whole in the family of nations, the

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spirit of the lofty motto : "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Messages of peace float again and again from the New World to the Old. It was a great feat when the President of the sister nation on this side the Atlantic brought to a close a war in the Old World, but it may fall to the lot of the nation which holds the key to both worlds to preach a message of lasting peace to the whole family of nations.

But how is this to be accomplished ? How is this freedom-loving, just, enlightened, unselfish nation to be formed ? And after two thousand years of experiments we stand on firm ground when we say : "By the acceptance in all its fulness and by the diligent practice of the Christian Faith." What produced that which, in spite of all its shortcomings, we must still call the best home life in the world (until this New World was found) —the home life of Europe ? Read a book like "Gesta Christi" for an answer. The writer demonstrates that it was nothing but the Christian Faith that produced it. It was the Christian Church which first taught masters and slaves to kneel together at the

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Christian altar ; it was the Christian Church which first taught that all men were equal in the sight of GOD ; it was the Church, with the Bible in its hand, that taught the world that "GOD is no respecter of persons" ; it was the Church of CHRIST which lifted up an ideal of personal purity, not as an idle, impossible dream, but as the standard of the home life of the world ; it was the Christian Church which, beginning its career by picking up the orphans abandoned to die at the Lactarian column in Rome, has had its course marked throughout Europe by the hospitals it has raised, and is to-day, by its Gospel of the Cross and its story of CHRIST's miracles of healing, the main inspiration of every movement of philanthropy throughout the world. Or read in your own land Bishop Ridley's "Snapshots from the North Pacific." What were the Indians waiting for? What changed the roughness of the Indian village into the tidy, self-respecting communities which compelled admiration from disinterested outsiders who watched the Bishop's work? The Christian Gospel which he preached. Few things have I

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ever read more touching than the death of Mrs. Ridley, and the absolute confidence with which he trusted her body for burial to the care of the Indians for whom she died. Or read "Changing China," by Lord William Cecil. What is China looking for as it wakes from its long sleep? It is turning for light, for education, for teaching (and the same, to a larger extent, is true of Japan), to the very Christian missionaries whom once it despised, but whom it discovers now to possess a secret which it must humbly master before it can take its place among the great nations of the world. It is certain, then, that Canada, if it is to be this great nation of the future, must master and live out the Christian Faith.

Let us first, then, gratefully acknowledge the great truths held in common by all Christians. If forty-one per cent. of the seven millions in Canada are Roman Catholics, if there are seventeen Wesleyans and fifteen Presbyterians to every twelve of our Church, how thankful we should be that nine-tenths of the truths we preach and teach are the same! "I bow my head," said Mr. Gladstone, "before the three

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great truths held in common by all orthodox Christians—the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Doctrine of the HOLY TRINITY.” Even if we went no farther, how far-reaching are those three! To believe that the Eternal SON of GOD came down to earth at all; to believe that He was made man! How terrific a belief! How impossible it is but that everyone who believes this must be my brother! Differences about Church government, important enough in their way, at least must be said to be relatively unimportant compared to such a belief. To believe that our sins are forgiven for JESUS CHRIST’s sake! To believe in John Wesley’s words, “that the ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness and death,” and that the day it flowed over it was Good Friday! To believe that no sin is so bad but that it can be forgiven for JESUS CHRIST’s sake! What a peace settles down upon the world before such a faith! To believe that we have been told what there is, or, rather, Who there is, behind the veil; that we may pray to GOD the FATHER through the SON, and in the power of the HOLY GHOST, that GOD is the FATHER from Whom

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every family in Heaven and earth is named, that JESUS CHRIST is praying for us, that the HOLY SPIRIT has come down and has never gone back, and will guide us into all truth, and give us in each hour what we ought to say, and will strengthen us in trial and comfort us in sorrow, and will sanctify us and will present us faultless at last before the presence of our FATHER! Is that not a common heritage of all Christians of which we may be proud?

But we may go farther. Every Christian denomination believes in the power of grace, all believe with more or less distinctness in the use of outward means of grace, and, although some may never use a Creed, all would assent to the inspiring sentence of the Nicene Creed—"I believe in the life of the world to come." And therefore, instead of hardening the divisions between Christians, soften them in your new nation. There is no reason whatever why, holding fast to the distinctive principles which we believe we have in trust for its future, and without which the new earth and the new Heaven would be incomplete, we should not work in brotherly sympathy and forbearance

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and co-operation with all those who name the Name of JESUS—their LORD and ours.

But what, then, have we which we think a special heritage of priceless value for the life of the new nation? Can I put it better than by calling it “an open Bible” and an “English Prayer-Book?” An open Bible—which we hold in our hands as we teach, and to which we appeal for the doctrine which we teach; an open Bible in the mother tongue, accessible to all, which mothers shall teach their children in every homestead in Canada, which heads of families shall read out loud to their helpers on the farms throughout the land, and which shall sink into the marrow of the national character as it has sunk into the character of the Scotch and of the English who were the first settlers in Nova Scotia. It was one who, alas! left the Church of his fathers who said of the Bible, “It rings in our ears like the sound of church bells, which can never be forgotten—the music and the rhythm and the cadence of our English Bible.”

And with the Bible I must put, as the heritage you hold in trust for the welfare of

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this country, the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.* Why is it that the Prayer-Book is such a heritage? It unites this Church by unbroken succession with the long past ; with the same words, in the same way, with the same commission, are your Bishops consecrated, your priests and deacons ordained, as Bishops, priests, and deacons have been consecrated and ordained in the days that are past ; here in this Prayer-Book in our mother tongue is a Liturgy for the Holy Communion in all essentials the same as the most ancient Liturgies of Christendom ; here are prayers hot with the breath of ten thousand saints, which have voiced the aspirations of men and women like ourselves in Latin, Greek, or English for a thousand years. In it we find a truly democratic spirit, suited to foster the religion of the new nation. We buried the late King Edward VII. with the same Service with which we bury a pauper, and the Book of Common Prayer

* On this visit to Canada I was entrusted with a gift of a new Prayer-Book specially made for the Bicentenary, and presented by King George V. to the church in which the Prayer-Book service was first used.

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knows no distinction between class and class, rich or poor, lettered or unlearned.

It is possible to be a slave to the best of forms, and the Churchman should be the first to pray in his own language, hold informal mission services, interpret the Bible in simple language to the ignorant and unlearned; but for all that he will be deeply thankful to have a standard of worship, a link with the past, and a safeguard of doctrine in the English, pure and undefiled, of the Book of Common Prayer.

Will, then, the immigrant, in search of a "new earth and a new Heaven," be disappointed in his hope? Not if the Church rises to the height of its great opportunity. We know at home how hard it is to do so. I have come here across the seas to bring you a message of love and sympathy from those at home. We know how hard the problem of the North-West presses on you. We know how hard it is for "Old Canada" to do her duty by the new problem, and yet have energy and power to discharge her own task? We know how hard are the lives and how poor the earthly recompense of many of the clergy, especially in the

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country districts. But, in spite of this, we look to you with pride and hope, knowing that you will not fail.

We will back you up all we can. It is our belief that the LORD is working with us, and will confirm the word with signs following ; it is our belief that He desires to see a new Heaven and a new earth here as well as hereafter ; it is our belief that nothing will more assuredly hasten His Kingdom in the East and West than a great Christian nation striding the world at this part of its surface, and it is for this we work and pray and give. Go back to your work, you who, perhaps, never see another priest from year's end to year's end. You may get disheartened at times and think your solitary toil and labour is in vain. But it is not in vain. Without you it cannot be accomplished. Go on teaching the children in that farmhouse ; gather the few from that scattered district in your mission-church ; visit round in your long rides or drives station after station, for CHRIST is "working His purpose out," and is working it out through you. Only persevere ; only be true to the old historic

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Faith ; only bring out of your treasures “ things new and old,” and adapt the old Faith to the needs of the new day, and there shall broaden and brighten a light which shall light up the East and the West, and men will ask what this bright light means, and the answer will be this—that there is at last a new nation being born to-day which is a perfectly Christian nation, dominated by Christian ideas and ruled by Christian principles, and that this new nation, because it is from end to end Christian, has brought into the world at last a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

III

THE POLISHED SHAFT*

“THE LORD hath called me from the womb ; from the bowels of my mother hath He made mention of my name. And He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword ; in the shadow of His hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft ; in His quiver hath He hid me.”—ISAIAH xlix. 1, 2.

IF I searched the Bible from end to end, I believe it would have been impossible to have found a message which, if I can only develop it to you and bring it home, is more inspiring for the work of the Church in this place, or any other place, than this picture of a man as a weapon in the hands of God. It seems to touch at every point on some inspiring thought—vocation, discipline, spirituality ; it points a busy world to the hidden life, and inspires us, if anything can inspire us, to abandon ourselves

* Preached at Cirencester Parish Church, on the occasion of the Dedication Festival, 1911.

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to the service—the joyous, free service—of
GOD.

For notice the five methods by which the polished shaft in the hands of GOD is prepared and used. There is the calling. Nothing is more beautiful than when a boy (say one of your own family) happens to hear the call of the ministry. He does not at first know Who is speaking to him, but some Voice says to him, “Samuel, Samuel.” He wonders, and he asks his people what this Voice is, and at last he says, “Speak, LORD, for thy servant heareth.” A terrible responsibility rests on a parent who crushes out the vocation of a boy to the ministry. What more glorious vocation is your boy going to have? But while the word vocation naturally makes us think of the vocation of the ministry, the great truth is this, that all of us are called, everyone of us is called, in the early morning of life by GOD by our Christian name. How delightful it is to know that we are not one in a crowd to GOD! Forbes Robertson, that brilliant young Cambridge don, who had so much influence in his time at Cambridge, was fond of saying, “There is no such thing

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as an average undergraduate"; and, looking down upon some two thousand people, scarcely one of whom I know, I feel that the glorious thing to learn is that all are known, one by one—all are known of GOD. There is no such thing as an ordinary man or woman; everyone is absolutely different. There never has been any person exactly like you in the whole universe and the history of the world, and in your early boyhood or girlhood GOD gave you all a call from your mother's womb; and therefore I would pray before I pass on to the next stage, the preparation of the polished shaft, that everyone of you, as if I was speaking alone to you, may say, "I am known to GOD, GOD knows me by name, He has called me to do something; what has He called me to do?"

But, then, secondly, comes, after the choosing of the rough material, the moulding of it into something that GOD can use; and here comes the marvellous light that this conception of life throws upon all the disappointments and trials and troubles of life. In my first curacy I used to go and visit a girl who had been

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lying for something like fifteen years on a bed of sickness, and the passage she used to love to have read was a writing of Bishop Walsham How on what was called "The Stonemason's Workshop." The writer described how the stonemason used to get the stone ready for some particular niche in the beautiful temple which he might be building. This poor girl, who lay there on her sick-bed years after I left, and who had been visited by curates before me, and who did all of us much more good than we ever did her by her patience and her wonderful resignation—this poor girl loved to think that all this was not in vain, her lying so long in sickness and constant pain, but that she was in the great Stonemason's hand being got ready for some niche where she could reflect GOD's glory in the temple in Heaven. What she felt is a lesson for all of us—a true lesson, because the rough material when chosen is useless until it is fashioned so that it can be used as a weapon in GOD's hand. I like to recall those lines from a wonderful poem of Browning's, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," which exactly describes the same point:

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He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

He goes on—

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow
The Master's lips aglow !
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou
with earth's wheel ?

And, so, if some of you are troubled by the ups and downs of life, worry, disappointment, trial, temptation, do remember that the object of life, the "plastic circumstance," is to mould you and me into something that God may take in His hand and use. Does not that make all the difference ? When we have people come to us for comfort it makes all the difference if we have been through trouble ourselves. Again and again you find that the men or the women who are most useful in God's hands have gone through some fiery trial and temptation which has made them what they are.

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And, then, thirdly, comes the polishing. Have some of you sometimes wondered why those in charge of your souls urge you to be confirmed, to come regularly to church, and afterwards be regular communicants, why they urge you to take trouble with your soul and examine yourselves and fight down your besetting sins, and not be content with a kind of rough average goodness, but reach on to perfection, and really determine to be better men and women? What justifies them in urging you to take so much trouble over your religion? The answer is to hand here. The shaft not only has to be moulded for use, but it has also to be polished to be of any good. GOD's work requires such refinement, that GOD's work is so delicate. To help other souls to break through a bad tradition in a place, to know exactly what to say and what not to say, when to speak and when not to speak, needs a refinement of character. Sometimes—have you not found it happen?—someone is brought across your path whom you are clearly meant to help, but you have no help to give him, you cannot guide him, and then some simple soul, someone

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whom, perhaps, you in your heart more or less despised as less talented than you, with a quick, quiet intuition which you envy goes straight to the point and does the work which you cannot do. The reason is that that soul is polished. The shaft has been polished: it has been polished by the HOLY SPIRIT and the discipline of the Church, and is ready for the delicate work that GOD wants to do with it. This ought to be the ambition of all of us. GOD calls us not to be shafts, but polished shafts; He calls us not to be dull spear-heads, but polished shafts, with which He can engage in battles and win them.

And, then, fourthly, comes from this beautiful picture, the whole meaning of what we call "the hidden life." "In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me; in His quiver hath He hid me." To what do we really look for power? The man who looks to himself for power only looks in vain; but the great privilege in which the humblest of GOD's children can share is to be hidden in the hand of GOD. Have none of you, perhaps, in some crisis of your life, or when some great sorrow has come

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upon you, at last turned to God and felt His hand close round you, so that you did something or said something which you are quite certain was not of yourself?

And, then, fifthly, comes a real sense of freedom from the ultimate responsibility. When once those four things are done to the weapon, then comes the use of it. Do you suppose the parish priest who really believes all this will be broken down by his sense of responsibility, great as he rightly feels it to be? Not at all. He will know this, that God asks his faithfulness, but not his success; He asks him to obey orders, but He takes the responsibility Himself.

And so the conception, when once grasped, of the living weapon in the hands of God, gives a freedom and a peace, as well as a power, which no other thought in the whole world can convey. There is no question that we are not really powers for good until we are prepared to go anywhere and do anything, until we have lost the sense of personal aggrandisement or personal comfort, and put ourselves, men and women, boys

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and girls, under the shadow of the hand of God, to go anywhere and do anything for Him.

Now, the question is, what sort of response, collectively and individually, are you going to give to this call to preparation and the promise and demand of God? You may search the New Testament from end to end, and you will find there is no difference whatever in the standard of devotion expected from the clergy and the laity. The difference is in function, not in the standard of life. Are we prepared to say—for this is what God expects of us at a dedication festival—that a forest of two thousand gleaming spear-heads is at the disposal of God here and now? In the exact proportion that this is not true of this one or that one, so is God's loving heart disappointed.

Perhaps you will say: "Bishop, of what battle do you speak? What have we to fight against?" When I come to your town—remember, I use entirely guesswork, I never ask a question before I come—I try to consider what are the real evils of the place. To judge of my knowledge of other similar towns, I should

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say that some of the enemies which are facing you are, first, a cultured selfishness, a self-pleasing life lived in a place cut off very much from the busy haunts of men, a love of mere comfort and enjoyment, engendered even by the loveliness of the place itself. With that might go, I cannot help guessing, that caste feeling which spoils real brotherhood, which is, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Christian Church to-day—a caste feeling which prevents a real living brotherhood among those who worship in a church together. Then, in a town like this, too often, there is often hidden immorality which the town is too respectable to face ; a secret drinking in many of the old public-houses which constantly occurs in a place like this. Then arises a creeping pessimism, coming from a loss of faith and a loss of nobility of ideal. “What is the good of doing this? What is the good of trying that?” are questions constantly asked. And then there is a danger of parochialism arising from isolation. With regard to collections for mission work at home and abroad, people may talk about “taking money out of the place,” as if this or any

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other town was not an outpost of the Kingdom of God, as though we could isolate one church or one parish from another. If we fail in East London, you also fail at Cirencester.

What, then, I would do is to try to rally two thousand spears* for God; put in His quiver two thousand polished shafts that He may shoot with. Look back upon your life and remember the call addressed to you when you were a boy or girl. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth," should be true of every Christian. There is no other answer any of us can possibly give or ought to give to the question "Why was I born?" except "To bear witness to the truth." If every man and woman aims at being a polished shaft, then this beautiful church of yours will not be something merely to show your friends as the most beautiful thing in Cirencester; it will be a fortress, "terrible as an army with banners," a fortress against every wrong and wickedness, a fortress from which an army of "polished shafts" will

* The congregation numbered about two thousand.

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ever issue to help those who are fighting the battle of the LORD. And if you fight like that, there will be joy in the presence of the Angels of GOD, for another victory will be won for the King.

IV

“NEW WINE IN NEW BOTTLES”*

“Neither do men put new wine into old bottles : else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish : but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.”—ST. MATT. ix. 17.

WE meet in one of the busiest centres of the industrial life of England. Some of you who have never been here before have heard of “The Potteries” all your lives ; you are in the heart of the Potteries to-day. And I think one question especially, in such a district and in such a time, is forced upon us to ask and to answer, and that is : Why has the Church not more influence than it has upon the rising tide of democracy to-day ? It is no question of Church or Chapel. No other one religious organisation has more influence than the Church of England ; but why has organised labour so

* Preached at the Church Congress Service in Stoke Parish Church in October, 1911.

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little to say to organised Christianity as a whole? Has the new wine burst the old bottles, and is the wine hopelessly and wastefully running out?

And in the first place no one will deny that there is a strong new wine working in the hearts and brains of thousands to-day. Thousands believe to-day that there is a possibility of equality of opportunity for all; thousands believe that this grinding poverty which some of us have seen in great cities before our eyes is unnecessary, and should come to an end; thousands look forward with hope to a day when each child shall have a chance, and no one shall be—to use a terrible phrase—“damned into the world”; thousands believe that literally a Kingdom of God is “at hand.” They are tired of hearing of a Heaven in another world; they believe they were promised a Heaven on earth. They complain, with Clough, of Christian people that—

Mark off so much sky
And call it Heaven,
Place bliss and glory there;
Plant perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say what is not will be by-and-by.

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They are set, at least, on seeing the beginning of a Heaven on earth. It is a modest enough Kingdom of God which they expect. They do not crave for large mansions or princely incomes, but for more time to think, and greater leisure from toil, and a living wage, and a help towards being independent in old age instead of going to the workhouse, and for co-operation to be the ruling motive of life and work instead of cut-throat competition, and for peace among nations instead of war.

This is the beautiful dream which is at the bottom of the Labour Movement in this country, and which I found animating Labour Day in Canada, and which, though mixed up with many unsatisfactory elements, is, I expect, the inspiration of what is called “ Socialism ” abroad, and the cause of the tremendous strides which it has made. It is new wine, and apt to go to the head with intoxicating force ; but what Christian can deny that the dream is a beautiful and a Christian dream, and that the wine in itself, undiluted, might have been created at Cana of Galilee ?

And the second thing to notice with thank-

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fulness is that in this country the Labour Movement is avowedly and definitely religious.

If anyone doubts this, he should send to the Warden, Browning Hall, Walworth, for a pamphlet entitled “CHRIST and Labour,” containing the addresses in Labour Week of 1911 by eleven Labour Members of Parliament. At that Settlement there was founded in 1897 “the Fellowship of Followers,” whose members are enrolled on signing this significant declaration: “JESUS said, ‘If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.’ Meaning so to follow Him, I wish to be enrolled in the Fellowship of Followers.”

During or before Labour Week, 1910, this declaration was signed by nineteen Labour Members of Parliament. But what is of still greater importance is the personal declaration of those who spoke throughout that week. Mr. Thomas, M.P. for Derby, who commenced life as a chemist’s errand-boy and at thirteen became an engine-cleaner, points to Nehemiah as his ideal of how a man should set about to rebuild Jerusalem. Instead of flattering his

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fellow-workmen, as we are apt to imagine Labour leaders do, he frankly declares that drink, while not the cause of poverty, greatly aggravates it. He is himself a teetotaller, and instead of laying the blame for faults in character on circumstances, lays the greatest stress on personal example, and uplifts his hearers to what he calls “the greatest of all ideals, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.”

Mr. Peters, the National Agent of the Labour Party, has been all his life actively engaged in Christian and temperance work, and is an accredited local preacher. “My own connection with the Labour Movement has its inception inside the Christian Church, where I remain to-day. It was inside that,” he says, “that I first felt drawn towards the desire to help, to love, and, so far as my humble abilities permit, to assist in raising the fallen, in helping the oppressed, uplifting humanity, and in serving in any way I could the men and the women with whom I was brought in daily contact. With such inspiration and guidance that one is enabled to obtain day by day through the means of personal com-

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munication and touch with our Heavenly FATHER I intend so to remain.”

Mr. Albert Stanley, M.P. for North-West Staffs, the son of a miner, taught to read in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, was known at fourteen as “the boy preacher.” He has now a library of two thousand volumes. He says in his address in Labour Week : “Any man who would find his Heaven in a Heaven of material benefit for the masses of the people has got, I think, a Heaven that will prove a great disappointment when he comes to realise it. A man has something more than that. I believe that man is a spiritual being. Unless you cultivate the spiritual side of man as well as the material and mental, you have not half saved the man. . . . When we have done our best by Acts of Parliament, we never can bring this world back again to purity and permanent happiness except by the pure and undefiled religion of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.”

In the same sense speaks Mr. Clynes, M.P. for North-East Manchester, and Mr. Adamson, M.P. for a great mining constituency in the

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North, and for years a Sunday-school teacher. “One has only to realise what provision GOD has made for the needs of men in the Person of His SON JESUS to have a sufficient reason for our loving Him in return,” declares the latter.

So, again, Mr. Parker, M.P. for Halifax, who gives a wonderful address on the “Power of Vision,” says: “It is our business to keep the Vision in front of us—that we have to work for the other fellow, to give to the whole of the people a life worthy of the living. So only can we accomplish the purpose of the Divine Master Whom we all, I am sure, in our heart of hearts desire to follow.”

And let me conclude my quotations from the only two Church of England men who spoke, Mr. George Lansbury and the Labour Premier of New South Wales, who, as his Vicar told me in a private letter, has been teaching in his Sunday-school for thirty years and superintendent for twenty-five.

Mr. Lansbury, now a Member of the House of Laymen, and formerly the Socialist M.P. for Bow and Bromley, says: “I like to sit or kneel in a church, and try to be for a few minutes

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right away from the world and everything that bothers and perplexes and distresses me. I like to kneel and remember that there was Someone Who lived two thousand years ago Who went through this world bearing the burden of sin and sorrow in His life ; that He, too, lived weary days, and He, too, lived a hard life. . . . But He left with mankind this message, ‘One is our FATHER’; and that through CHRIST we approach Him ; and because of His life we, humble individuals as we are, are of value in the eyes of the Great Creator of all men and women.” What could any of us say more beautifully or truly ?

And then, to conclude my quotations, I come to the great Labour Premier of New South Wales, the Sunday-school superintendent for twenty-five years, who, after detailing the legislation passed in Australia for the good of humanity, ends as follows :

“We who believe from the bottom of our hearts that the nation and the people are going to be greater than formerly they were, place our reliance on GOD’S Holy Word. We honestly believe that a Supreme Being is governing this

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universe, and we see in the nations of the world a gradual evolution. It may be slow, because it must not get ahead of the people ; but it is sure, from one end of civilisation to the other.” The men who speak like this must be religious men.

Nor can anyone contend that the ideas which animate them are not Christian ideas. What did CHRIST really come to reveal if it was not the infinite value of each individual life, the love of GOD for all and each, the law of sacrifice for the sake of others, the power and blessing of brotherhood? What saying was more often on His lips than the promise that the Kingdom of GOD was at hand?

Speaking, then, to a body of earnest Christian men and women, the first thing I can ask them to do is to thank GOD that such men as these are leading the Labour Movement in the English-speaking countries. It was a great surprise to France when the English Labour men appeared at the great Labour Conference, bearing a banner with the Cross upon it, and proclaimed themselves followers of JESUS CHRIST. It goes far to bear out the contention of my great

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predecessor, Bishop Creighton, that England is still much the most religious nation in the world. Such men may often make mistakes, and do make even colossal mistakes ; they get thrown over by their own followers ; they may even in individual cases get intoxicated themselves by the new wine of power and influence ; but we do a great injustice, and wantonly widen the breach between organised Christianity and organised labour, if we do not bow our heads before the ideal which is inspiring them, and the Master Whom, however imperfectly (and this is true of all of us), they try to serve.

But when we have done this, we must go farther. We must ask, Why are scarcely any of these men belonging to the Church of England ? Why in recent strikes had the Church so little influence ? Why do they not turn, as you would naturally suppose they would, to the Church which was founded two thousand years ago to preach and teach these very ideas, and to hold up just this ideal to the world ?

It is true that our LORD said, “Who made Me a ruler and a judge ?” It is true that the

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Church must never take a party line or a class line, and must include in its care the rich as well as the poor ; but it is recognised again and again in the addresses from which I have quoted that the good of each must be the good of all, and to refuse to be a ruler and a judge in any particular case is not to disown the dominant ideas of freedom and equality of opportunity and care for the weak which have indeed made Christianity what it is. No! those of us who have lived among working men know that they do not resent the frankest criticism, that they despise the man who tries to be a Court Chaplain to King Demos, and that they value the words of anyone who will point out where they are wrong in their economics, or are making mistakes from ignorance of history or of human nature. But what we have to ask is, Why are they not looking more than they are to the historic Church of JESUS CHRIST for sympathy, guidance, and advice ?

I believe the first reason is that, consciously or unconsciously, we are influenced still by class prejudice. I know that I am speaking to a body of people who are probably the kindest-

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hearted people in the world, to clergy and clergy's wives and daughters, and their most devoted lay-people, men who toil day and night, with the help of their families, for the good of their parishioners ; who would give, and perhaps have given, the coat off their backs for the poor committed to their charge. There is nothing like, there never has been anything like, the parochial work in town and country of the Church of England. As is truly said by the layman who writes “ Across the Bridges,” the Black Guard never fails.

And yet, and yet, is it ungracious to affirm that we are liable to class prejudice ? I have taken a humble part in such parish work since twenty-seven years ago I began my ministerial life as a curate in this diocese ; and yet I know full well myself the danger of class prejudice. We clergy are largely drawn from one class ; the lay-people who have leisure to attend the Church Congress are wholly drawn from that class. We are apt to like the poor so long as they keep in their proper place. We read our class newspapers, and hear our class conversation over the tea-table or after dinner, and in

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all we do and say class feeling insensibly makes itself felt. We freely admit and deplore the great obstacle which the “caste” system presents in India to the progress of the Gospel ; but are we equally sensible to the subtle caste feeling which exists as an intangible fence between us and the toiling millions of our people ?

And notice, secondly, this spoils the real sympathy which we wish to give. Unless we put heart to heart and mind to mind, we do not give real sympathy. Unless we realise that that young workman is as proud and sensitive as our own young brother who has come home from the University or from Sandhurst ; unless we realise that he does not want charity or pity or to be preached at any more than the other ; that he wants to stand on his own feet and look the whole world in the face, and have a man’s life with some leisure in it and time to read and think, and an honourable opportunity to court his girl, and a home to take her to, and that nothing else that we can give him will do instead, nothing else is treating him as a man—not till we realise that and

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show him we realise it have we given him sympathy.

And so with the girls and women. It is all very well to get them into clubs and mothers' meetings, and give them good advice, and save them from temptation — and splendid is the work that doubtless many of you are doing in this direction. But your sympathy must go farther. That girl must have shorter hours ; she ought never to hear what she has to hear where she works. It is not enough that she should hear nice things said when she comes to the club ; she must be saved from insulting talk where she works. Her soul is the soul of a queen ; she is a daughter of God ; she should be able to carry her head, as your girl does, with the proud consciousness of perfect innocence, and be able, though she works in a pottery, to lay her crown of flawless purity at the feet of her SAVIOUR when she meets Him at the last.

Can she always do it now ?

That young mother should not work in a factory at all. She should be the keeper of the home ; she should have rest before the

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child is born and rest after, if the children of the nation are to be its joy. It is not enough to give her a little good advice at the mothers' meeting about not taking stimulants or drugs; she should have a life in which she will not feel the need of either; a life in which she can play her true part as a wife and mother, while the man has a wage which will keep the whole family from want.

And it is only when we realise that the world of Labour to-day desires this with a passionate longing, and ourselves share that longing with the same passion, that we give its members the sympathy which they crave, but for which they are at present too proud to ask.

And then I think we come to a third reason which helps to account for the gulf which most undoubtedly exists.

It happened that at the same time that I was studying the addresses given in Labour Week I was also reading the last two volumes of the singularly interesting history of the Church of England, edited by the late Dean of Winchester. These last two volumes are by the Vice-Provost of Eton, and bring the history of the

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Church down to the present time. The first volume consists of three hundred and fifty pages, and the second of four hundred and fifty. They give a perfectly frank and true account of what the Church of England has been really interested in during the last hundred years, of the subjects which have crowded its meetings, excited its debates, and sometimes almost torn it to pieces. Of these eight hundred pages, about four hundred are devoted to the Ritual question, the struggles as to the real meaning of the Ornaments Rubric : Are vestments to be worn or not ? Is incense to be burnt or not ? Is a stole legal ? What is the real worth of a Privy Council Judgment ? The Gorham case, the Bennett case, the Mackonochie case. Then follow some fifty well-written pages on “Essays and Reviews,” the attack on Bishop Temple, the attempt to drive out of the Church one who eventually turned out to be one of its greatest heroes. Then follows the Colenso controversy, then the controversy about “Lux Mundi.” And so it goes on.

Now, I should be the last to deny the importance of some of these controversies, but it is

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hard to realise how trivial, how petty, many of them must have seemed to the toiling millions of our fellow-countrymen—how, at any rate, far above their heads the whole hurly-burly sounded.

There they were fighting and struggling for daily bread ; here we were convulsed with the question of whether a stole was legal. There they were working out their own salvation as best they might ; here we were ranged into two rival camps of High Church and Low Church, and too intent upon defeating one another to have time to attend to their growing hunger for a life which could be in any sense called real life and a home which was indeed a home.

Can we wonder that the new wine refused to stay in the old bottles? No! The truth of the matter is that it will not be enough to alter this or that detail ; the whole tone, the whole texture, of the Church must be altered.

There is nothing whatever wrong with the Church, or the Sacraments, or the ministry, or the ceremonial. The Creeds, it is true, have to be brought home, not as a skeleton of dogma,

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but in the living language of the Bible. The simplicity and symbolism of the Sacraments appeal to the workers of the world. With regard to ministry, if they respect anyone connected with religion, they respect the hard-working parson who lives in their midst and is kind to their children. With regard to ceremonial, they vary in their tastes like the well-to-do, but certainly not the worst-attended places of worship among the working classes are those that have a rich ceremonial. But for all that, my contention now is that the wine-skins or bottles must be new.

That fatal class-prejudice and caste-feeling must be laid aside for ever; we must break through that intangible fence which is largely caused by an unacknowledged sense of superiority, and come out upon common ground at last.

Browning says that every man has two sides to his character—one to face the world with, and one to show a woman when he loves her. We must give up the parish manner and let our friends come through it into the other side, where we keep our real tastes, our real loves,

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our real aspirations, and make them at home there with our true selves. We are a little impatient if we have been kept waiting by the working people on the doorstep and not asked in, even if it was washing-day ; but we have not always asked them in into our true lives. They have been kindly treated—on the doorstep !

We must cease to believe that any one who does not come regularly to our Church is, therefore, irreligious, and must frankly recognise that good in any form can only come from God ; we must lay aside our own garment of superiority as our Master did, and ask if we may be allowed to serve ; and I believe that we shall be astonished at the change which in time will take place.

The new wine which has, for the reasons I have attempted to outline, at present found other channels, will not easily return ; it will not easily believe that the old wine-skins have been laid aside ; but in time like will grow to like. This great gospel of Brotherhood, Love, and Equality of Opportunity was the gospel which the historic Church of JESUS CHRIST

“ New Wine in New Bottles ”

originally preached ; it was this which carried it through the first three centuries of persecution and made it the marvel of the world. “ See how these Christians love one another,” was the astonished comment of the heathen as rich and poor rallied to one another in prison or before the beasts, and in one brotherhood lived and died together.

Yes ! like will grow to like again ; the wine-skins are meant for the wine, and the wine for the wine-skins ; the Creeds are the battle-cries of freedom ; the Sacraments are the symbols of brotherhood ; the Church is the family of God. Let the new wine be put into new bottles and both will be preserved.

V

SELF-SACRIFICE UNTO DEATH*

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—ST. JOHN XV. 13.

“To Major-General Charles George Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God. He saved an empire by his warlike genius ; he ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom, and power ; and lastly, obedient to his Sovereign’s command, he died in the heroic attempt to save men, women, and children, from imminent and deadly peril.

“ ‘ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.’ ”

It is this stately inscription which stands upon General Gordon’s tomb in St. Paul’s Cathedral,

* Preached at the consecration of Khartoum Cathedral on January 26, 1912.

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and it is the closing words of it which I unhesitatingly take as my message.

On a day like this all controversies are at an end. It would be quite beside the point to discuss whether General Gordon should have been sent at all to Khartoum, whether or not he should have stayed so long, whether relief could or not have been sooner sent—we see nothing to-day, we need see nothing, but the calm figure in the white uniform standing quite undismayed at the top of the steps in the Palace, awaiting the last rush of the victorious enemy, whom he had held at bay by himself for eleven months.

Few scenes are more touching in history than the bringing in of General Gordon's head to his old comrade-in-arms, then a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp, and now, thank God, restored to a useful life of freedom and service. What it must have been to him to have seen as he describes it in his book!—"The blue eyes half closed; the hair grey before its time with care and anxiety, but a look of calmness and peace upon the face." The great spear had been plunged into the body; that body had been

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hacked to pieces by countless blows, but no man or devil could tame or destroy the brave, unconquerable soul of Charles George Gordon.

The one thing which stands out for certain is that General Gordon believed that he could not evacuate Khartoum without betraying his friends, that he realised as early as March, 1884, that he might be—as he expressed it—“ caught in Khartoum,” that he quite deliberately preferred death to dishonour, that in doing so he lived up to the highest of which man is capable, and therefore is an unanswerable witness, not only to the strength of Christian Faith, but to the truth of the Christian Creed.

If it is true “ that greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,” then it becomes increasingly certain every day that the great Christian story is true, and that a greater than Gordon—even GOD Himself—laid down His life for His friends.

It is impossible, as Browning points out in a famous passage, that

Here, the parts shift ?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator ?

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In his poem entitled "Saul" he puts into the mouth of David an argument which can never be refuted : as David looks into the face of the King he longs to help, and feels within himself the capacity for self-sacrifice, he looks up to Heaven, and cries, "Would I suffer for him whom I love?—so wouldst Thou ; so wilt Thou."

If Gordon will die for his friends, and God cannot or will not do the same, then Gordon is greater than God, which is impossible.

Now, it is because this—the central truth of Christianity—is so little understood and appreciated that I want to enlarge upon it on this great historical occasion ; and no one, I venture to say, will more appreciate it some day than the representatives of those very dervishes who, with such splendid courage, flung themselves in wave after wave at the Battle of Omdurman upon the zarebas which they could not break.

They knew what self-sacrifice was, if anyone did. The greatest question in the world—in one sense the only question in the world—is, Who is God ? What has He done and what is He doing for the human race to-day ? Practically nothing else matters.

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The life of any individual man on this earth is a passing thing compared to the ageless life of GOD. No one understands this more clearly than dwellers in the East; you are most of you familiar with the telling lines which describe the difference between the attitude of East and West :

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled,
And on her head was hurled.
The East bowed down before the blast
In patient, deep disdain ;
Then let the Legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again.

There is a sense of awe and mystery in the East which we too often lose in the more impatient, hurrying West ; who can not be affected even by the touching Moslem cry, " Come to Prayer ; GOD is Great ; there is no GOD but one GOD ? " But the very temples and tombs of Meroe and Egypt, belonging to a still greater antiquity, proclaim even more effectively the mortality of man—the eternity of GOD.

What, then, is the character of this GOD, and did He ever do anything for His children? It

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is not enough that He should have given them orders, or commandments, or revelations ; not one of these things could have melted hearts, or won love, or redeemed a world. The Christian religion is committed to this, it consists in this, that GOD, having first shown Himself the Eternal Giver by giving life and health, fruits and flowers, human love and friendship, finally gave Himself ; that in the gloriously unselfish life of JESUS of Nazareth, in the long-drawn-out self-abnegation recorded in the New Testament and in the voluntary death upon the bitter Cross, GOD gave Himself away for His friends ; that in JESUS GOD worked, GOD lived, GOD loved, GOD laid down His life, and in doing this He could do no more, for "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Once believe this, and then see the difference that it makes to life.

1. Prayer becomes a different thing. It is a great thing for a man to pray at all, and not to be ashamed to be seen praying—and in this our Moslem neighbours set us a great example—but it makes all the difference what sort

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of God we have in our minds when we pray.

If this glorious story is true, we are coming to a Friend ; we are pushing at an open door ; we are coming to One Who has already given us Himself, and will never take back the gift :

He lends not ; but gives to the end
As He loves to the end ! If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather ; amend
And finish it up to your dream.

I own that one thing which determined me to come out to the consecration of this Cathedral in answer to the request of the aged and much-loved Bishop in Jerusalem, and at the special wish of Bishop Gwynne and His Excellency the Governor-General, was the thought of the many young Englishmen living their lives often at lonely outposts, cut off, but for the devoted efforts of Bishop Gwynne and his colleagues, from the ministrations of the old Church at home.

But what a difference it makes to them, as they bow the knee in their lonely quarters, that not far from any one of them is the Friend of man—their Friend—Who gave Himself for

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them, and Who bends over their bowed heads with more than a father's love ; that listening to them with all Himself is no unknown GOD, no inexorable Deity, but the GOD and FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who laid down His life for His friends !

2. What a difference it makes to the bearing of pain, or hardship, or trouble, or disappointment ! I am speaking to men to-day who appreciate, perhaps, more than any other men the joy and reality of comradeship—who know what it is to share together the hardship and the trial of a campaign ; to taste together the joy of battle ; to know what it is to follow a leader whom you trust, as men followed and trusted General Gordon ; or as men followed that great leader and pioneer, Sir Samuel Baker, or follow to-day living men whom I might mention if they were not present.

“ He is my comrade ”—how much that means to the soldiers who are joining in this service to-day ! But, if the great story which constitutes Christianity is true, then GOD is the “ Great Comrade.” He does not pretend to explain everything, any more than a leader can often

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explain why the hardships of a campaign are inevitable. But, like such a leader, He only asks us to endure what He has endured Himself ; we are comrades with GOD on a world-wide campaign, the issues and results of which are not yet manifest, but with such a lead and such a Leader we take the rough with the smooth ; we, too, lie on the hard ground with Him ; we fight, and if needs be die, and are more than content.

3. Or look, again, at the difference it makes to our work. There are two ways of doing work—we can do it hardly, mechanically, just because it has to be done ; or it can be done happily, intelligently, and even joyously, as by “fellow-workers with GOD.”

It is impossible to deny that GOD longs to see this part of His universe happy and prosperous, ruled by noble ideals, and become what we have learnt to call “a Kingdom of GOD.” But He works as a rule solely through men ; He gives the grace, He gives the power, He gives the opportunity, but human hands must co-operate, human hearts must sympathise, human lips must speak.

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What a privilege, then, to have been called to turn the Sudan into a kingdom of GOD! Those ordained have their own priceless opportunities and privileges, but you, the administrators, you the educators, you the Civil Servants, you the soldiers—what a glorious task, as the agents of such a GOD, to see that your bit of the work shall not fail of the highest—that it shall not disappoint GOD! GOD called you to this task as much as He called any of His ordained servants. You are His instruments in carrying out a great purpose which has been in His mind and heart from the beginning—namely, that He may see in a pure and happy world the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

4. Or take, again, the blessed hour of Communion, when so many, as we hope, will gather in this Cathedral and hold communion with GOD Himself.

The very symbols of “the Body broken” and “the Blood shed” recall the great “giving” when He laid down His life for His friends; they are a standing witness indeed to the Resurrection, for no body of believers would have enshrined the tokens of a shameful death in

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their great Eucharistic service unless that death had been followed by a Resurrection. But what a difference this conception of GOD makes to Communion! He has given Himself: then, He will give Himself again; then, there is hope for us all; then, indeed "our sinful bodies may be made clean through His Body, and our souls washed through His most precious Blood."

"There is no eating here," General Gordon is recorded once to have said in one of his letters, as he lamented the absence of the Communion he had learned to love; but from henceforth and for all time in Gordon's Cathedral there will be "eating" here, and in the power of that "meat" all the servants of GOD will go forward to their appointed work.

"Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for you"—that may be the special message to-day for some hard-worked official, some overburdened soldier, who for various reasons has given up his Communions, but who will find in the service of to-day the new start for which he has waited so long.

II. It is then with a special sense of the

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sacrifice of GOD, the spirit of which was so touchingly and faithfully reproduced in the life and death of His servant, General Gordon, that we consecrate this Cathedral. It is consecrated with the affectionate interest of millions; in the homeland we are followed by the prayers, as we have been helped by gifts, of thousands; we have present with us representatives of the Coptic and Greek Churches, and have received a beautiful gift of choir-stalls from the Coptic Church, and a wonderfully beautiful edition of the Gospels, and other gifts. We have, as we believe, the hearty good-will of our Moham-medan neighbours, who have already erected their own noble house of prayer. It only remains to carry into the life and work of Gordon's Cathedral something of the spirit and character of the man.

1. There was in him, first, a touching simplicity of character.

He was a soldier through and through, with a soldier's dislike—often plainly expressed—of anything that savoured of hypocrisy or sham. The type of Christianity he would love to see fostered by the Cathedral in his memory would

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be the robust, manly type, and I can desire no better thing for my dear friend, the Bishop, whom you have all learnt to love and trust, than that he may turn out true men by his work here, men of whom it can be said, as of the Duke of Wellington :

Whatever record leaps to light,
He never will be shamed !

2. Then, there must be that kindly feeling towards the young which was so marked a feature in General Gordon's life during his time at Woolwich.

Long before I had an opportunity of doing anything to help the life of the East-End boys, the story of Gordon and his "kings," as he called the boys for whom he worked, was an inspiration ; he cared for them and knew them one by one, marked afterwards on a chart the places where they had gone to work in the world, and prepared himself for the supreme moment when he laid down his life for his friends here, by giving his life hour by hour for those who, having few friends of their own, found in him a friend that never failed.

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Let there always be, then, in connection with the Cathedral some living work for the boys and young men of this place; let the young soldier look on the Cathedral as a home, and find in its work and ministrations the spirit of the man whose name the Memorial Chapel bears.

3. May it be a factory of such living faith as Gordon had, such faith as can enable a man to stand alone—indeed, to be able to say, “I am not alone, because the FATHER is with me.”

4. May it be imbued with Gordon’s own tolerance for those who differed from him in religious matters! Strong Christian though he was, you find nothing but respect and honour for the conscientious Moslems with whom he was so often brought in touch.

5. And yet let there be no lowering of the flag or flinching in fearless witness to what we believe to be the revelation of the true character of God, the Giver, the Forgiver, the Lover Who gave His life for His friends.

6. And, above all, let there be that special characteristic of the Christian : self-effacement for the good of the whole, and entire absence of

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all private aims or personal ambitions—a real losing of self to find self in the realisation of a great and glorious ideal.

For, indeed, we are perhaps building more truly than we know to-day. Within the last few years I have been present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral in Washington ; I have preached at the dedication of the Cathedral at Halifax ; I have been allowed to stand with cope, mitre, and staff, within the sacrarium of St. Isaac's Cathedral at St. Petersburg ; and again this coming Easter Day, as on every Easter Day, I hope to occupy the Bishop's throne in the great Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul's in London ; but if, as Emerson says, " We hear what the centuries say against the hours," it may turn out that we have consecrated to-day a building which will have a greater history than them all : for we shall have planted here the symbol of a Redeeming Love, which shall appeal at last to all those of every creed for whom it was displayed ; we have built a House of Rest which shall call to the true Rest all wandering souls looking for such Rest throughout the whole of the Sudan ; and we have put a

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stone in an arch which one day, with the full and loving approval of every African, shall span Africa from sea to sea. Already, to a visitor coming for the first time, it seems as if a miracle had been worked ; here on this very spot, which fourteen years ago was given over to a reign of unbridled licentiousness and unrestrained cruelty—for 30,000 corpses lay unburied in the streets of Khartoum during the three days after Gordon's death—reigns already order, peace, and security ; the Khalifa's very son I find working peacefully and happily in the workshops of Atbara, earning good wages and looked upon as the most promising young workman in the place ; into the faces of children gathering in schools throughout the country a soul, always latent, is seen gradually to be growing ; children again can laugh and smile and play, and sing to you with pride their songs and hymns ; the ideal of what we mean by a Christian home is winning its way by its own inherent attractiveness and force ; at last it is understood what justice means, and purity, and unselfish love.

If this can be accomplished in fourteen years,

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what may not be done in fourteen hundred? And here at the junction of the Blue and White Niles this Cathedral will stand to witness, to guide, to inspire.

We are apt sometimes, in our shortsighted way, to look upon untimely deaths as fruitless and unavailing, but "the blood of the martyrs is always the seed of the Church." As someone asked pertinently the other day, "Would any such reformation have even been begun to-day if Gordon had not died?"

It is our honour, duty, and privilege, to see to it that his glorious death was not in vain; and there is no better way by which we can do this than by bringing home to the friends for whom he died the principles which governed his life, and by turning the Africa for which he gave his life into a true, lasting, and pre-eminent Kingdom of God.

VI

THE REVOLUTIONARY POWER OF THE CHURCH*

“These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.”—Acts xvii. 6.

I SUPPOSE if people were asked to choose a simile which would fitly describe the life of the Church in a settled country like our own, they would picture a quiet, peaceful stream winding its way through some beautiful valley. From time to time there would appear upon its banks an old ivy-covered tower peeping among the trees ; children would be seen coming down to play by the side of the stream. Everyone would say what a difference it made to the beauty of the landscape ; without a thought of the condemnation such universal praise entailed. “All men would speak well of it,” and why

* Preached at St. John's, Middlesbrough, in connection with the Church Congress in October, 1912.

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should they not? for it would be a stream too quiet, too feeble, to get in anyone's way, and, after a long course of undisturbed tranquillity, it would find its way peacefully to the sea.

Now, if this is a true picture of the Church to-day, it is clear that it must have changed very considerably from the Church of the first centuries. It was then the most revolutionary force the world had ever known. It came into the world more as a bombshell or a volcanic eruption than as a peaceful stream; or, if it was a stream, it had force enough to undermine mountains, tear down rocks, and cut open channels which had never been undermined, torn down, or opened in the history of the world before. Even after a few years of its history, the description of its early course, preserved for us in the earliest records, laid emphasis on its revolutionary character—"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

It is worth while, then, asking to-day, before we make up our minds to acquiesce in this description of the Church as a beautiful but tame and even sleepy stream, what were some

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of the revolutions the Church was able to carry out in the early part of its history, and then we may proceed to ask whether it has not a similar work to perform in the world to-day.

It found the world more or less committed to the idea that only a few people in the world really "counted." In old Greek conceptions (and there was a noble side to this) the State was everything, the individual nothing.

Athens, but for that sparkle, thy name, I had
mouldered to ash,

cries young Pheidippides, in the famous poem which bears his name ; but we must never forget even then that it was only the citizen who had his share in the glory of Athens. The slave was nothing ; the individual as a person was "a living instrument," and nothing more.

In the Roman Empire, again, it was a great thing to be a Roman citizen, and by the glamour of such a title even a prisoner like St. Paul could bring terror to his gaolers ; but what about the thousands—nay, millions—who were not ? They, again, counted as nothing. There is no need to dwell in an exaggerated way upon

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the records of heartless conduct towards sick slaves. "GOD never leaves Himself without witness," and there is always some kindness left in the most selfish heart ; but few of us realize even to-day the revolutionary power hidden in the quiet, tactful—may we say "gentlemanly"—Epistle to Philemon. That a slave should be a "brother beloved"! that a slave should be received "as myself"—it was the most revolutionary doctrine the world had ever heard. No! the first thing which turned the world upside down was this strange doctrine of the value of the living man, the priceless value of the immortal soul, for whom CHRIST died.

It was this that in time worked the magic change. It was this which displayed to a surprised world the master and the slave, the employer and the employed, kneeling side by side at the Christian mysteries ; and whatever other blessed revolutions have yet to come (as we shall see, I hope, presently), let us bow our heads and do homage to the first great miracle worked by the Christian Church.

But, in the second place, what sort of life

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was it possible for this individual slave or free-man to live? And here, again, the impossible was proclaimed. In the face of marriage customs which had degraded marriage into little more than a nominal and temporary tie, against a background of dark vices which, common enough then, do not bear mention now, the Church stood for the possibility—nay, the necessity—of perfect chastity and spotless purity.

“Ye are all the children of the light and children of the day.” “Ye are not of the night nor of darkness,” was the constant reminder uttered to one another by members of the Christian Church. “Have no part, then, in the unfruitful works of darkness; for it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.” And to-day, after two thousand years, the Christmas star is the only star which on this question points absolutely true. There is accommodation in this religion, and a giving-in to the weakness of human nature in that; but, undeterred by the taunt of friend or the scoff of enemy, the white hosts of the revolutionary army which dared

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for the first time to carry a pure white banner still chant their rebellious war-cry to the hosts of darkness: "We are not of the night nor of darkness!"

Or, again, consider the revolutionary ferment contained in the single sentence: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Consider the wholly new attitude towards wealth which this saying implies. There had, of course, been the abstract teaching of Stoic philosophers or of solitary teachers who uttered solemn truths about the futility of human effort, but the Christian Church was the first community of men and women which, on a large scale and as a matter of principle, dared to be poor. It is the fashion to smile at the communism of the early Church, and to point to the poverty of the "poor saints at Jerusalem" as the result of such folly; but, after all, St. Barnabas is hardly a man we can afford to despise. And whatever view we may hold about the form which it took, the glorious spirit of comradeship, the splendid self-forgetfulness which induced the first Christians to

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count nothing which they had as their own, but to hold all things common, will remain a heritage and inspiration of the Church for ever.

But was this revolutionary Church of the first days a depressed, spiritless, unhappy body of people? On the contrary, they were the first people to show the world what happiness really was. It wanted a wonderful buoyancy of spirit to sing hymns in a Roman prison. "Rejoice in the LORD always, and again I say rejoice," was an unexpected cry to come from a man manacled to a Roman soldier ; but, more than that, all accounts agree that the Christian Church went gladly and even gaily to death—so much so that the world looked on them as inspired by a kind of madness—and, indeed, such willingness to die had to be restrained by the Christian leaders themselves.

But, however rightly held in control, it is clear that this strange joy, this joy in life, was a new thing, and a revolutionary thing—it turned the world upside down ; it transposed human values ; it upset calculations.

A Christian of the first days would have

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been prepared to reproach himself in the words of another Christian of still later days :

*If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books and my food and summer rain
Knock at my sullen heart in vain.*

This happiness was the note of the Christian Church, and it was a new thing in the world.

And what caused the change? What was the revolutionary idea which underlay all these revolutionary changes?

We talk of the revolution in astronomy when the earth was discovered to go round the sun instead of the sun going round the earth, but it was nothing to the revolution in human ideas when GOD was discovered to be all in all, when there was found to be only one Great Reality in the universe, and that was GOD Himself; when in the Incarnation He emerged from behind the cloud which had so long hidden Him, and asserted Himself, or (to revert to a famous comparison of life to a game with an invisible chessplayer who never made a mistake)

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when the Great Chessplayer, Who had made no visible move for centuries, made His great move, and has caused the whole world to ponder for two thousand years as to what the counter-move ought to be.

And it was the reply of the Church to the great move of GOD which so surprised the world. It should not have done so. If the world had only seen what the Church saw, it might have done what the Church did ; for with angels, archangels, and with all the company of Heaven, the Church proceeded to praise and magnify GOD's glorious Name ; it bowed down and worshipped ; it stood and praised ; it looked and looked, and looked again.

"I looked, and behold a door set open in Heaven," cried St. John, and it was this vision which explained His power. The poor foolish world was astonished at the Christians, not even seeming to see the wild beasts or feel the fire. It was not that they were really insensate or mad or unfeeling ; the fact was they saw too much. They *saw* GOD ; they saw the Kingdom of Heaven coming down as a bride adorned

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for her husband ; they had arrived ; they had come to Mount Zion, the City of the Living GOD, to the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to GOD the Judge of all, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.

And seeing, they bowed the head and worshipped.

And now, here we are in the year 1912 after CHRIST the same Church, with the same commission, and the same promises ; but can we say the same power ? That is the question.

Is the natural comment of the people of Middlesbrough, on hearing of the arrival of the Church Congress, "Lo ! these that turned the world upside down are come hither also" ? If not, why not ? Is it because the world is now so perfect that it does not want turning upside down ? or is it because the Church has lost its ancient revolutionary power ? There was force in the reply said to have been made to a Pope who smilingly said, when he was watching rich treasures carried into the Papal treasury, "Peter could not say now, 'Silver and gold have I none.' " "No, your Holiness,"

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was the reply, "nor could he say now, 'In the name of JESUS CHRIST, rise up and walk.'"

First, then, is the world so perfect now that nothing needs to be changed? The question admits of only one answer. The tragedy is that, with such a splendid start, the Church has not accomplished more. Think over some of the things still confronting us like grinning spectres, after two thousand years of Christianity.

So little has the doctrine of brotherhood between man and man been learnt, that what is called euphemistically "industrial unrest" is the special feature of the present day; and so little has the promised peace on earth yet been accomplished, that Europe increasingly resembles an armed camp.

Another hideous grinning spectre is the White Slave Traffic, and the extraordinary difficulty of rousing even Christian public opinion to understand its powers, its ramifications, and its heartless cruelty.*

Or, again, are we not living in a fool's paradise, if we ignore the materialism still

* Since this was written, the New Criminal Law Amendment Bill has been passed.

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prevalent in all classes, the foolish expenditure and luxury of a few at any rate of the very rich, and the disappointing proportion of the income of the working classes still spent on drink? The Church of JESUS CHRIST must always champion the cause of the oppressed, but does not show itself the true friend of the poor if it is afraid to point out their crying sins and obvious mistakes.

Or, again, can we really say that increasingly GOD is becoming more and more "all in all" to us as a nation to-day? What is the meaning of this much-bemoaned falling off in attendance at what is called public worship among all denominations if it does not mean that to many the vision of GOD is less clear than it once was?

Thank GOD, there is another side to the picture. Conventional church-going may have decreased, but the numbers of those to whom it means everything is growing! Nevertheless, can any man sit in the church to-day at the opening of the Church Congress, and say that no revolution is necessary in the whole attitude of this nation towards GOD?

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It is clear, then, that something like a fresh miracle is wanted if the new Heaven and the new earth are to become realities ; if the sort of world pictured and prophesied and promised in the New Testament is to be seen in action.

But is the Church equal to the task? or are we to acquiesce in the modern form of the old sneer that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are better than all the waters of Israel?

Take, for instance, the problem hidden under the phrase Industrial Unrest. There has been the great coal strike early in 1912. I have come only recently from the misery of the Dock strike in London. It is impossible to over-estimate the complexity and the difficulty of the industrial question ; but of one thing I feel certain, that no help is likely to come from the Abana of State Socialism apart from Christianity, or the Pharpar of the old doctrine of *laissez faire*.

When one visits the Near East, the Jordan may seem a disappointing little stream, and at first sight it certainly does, while the Abana

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dashes through Damascus with startling brilliancy ; but, after all, the Jordan runs its course to the end, and was used to cure the sick man. The Abana was not only useless as a cure, but after a course of some twenty miles is lost in the sand, and the Pharpar is already a dwindling brook. How does it fare with the suggested remedies for industrial unrest, which I have ventured to compare to these rivers ? Have you read “Where Socialism Failed?”* I can scarcely imagine a more telling account of what I should expect to have happened after seeing the misery of communistic life in the villages of Russia, and reading of the utter failure which followed the first efforts among the tobacco planters of Virginia. Let me quote from the *Times* summary of the book.

“No experiment in Socialism can ever have been tried under more favourable conditions. The founder of the settlement, William Lane, was evidently a very remarkable man ; perhaps we should speak of him in the present tense, as we gather that he is still living. He is shown

* By Stewart Grahame. Published by John Murray.

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to us in this book as a sincere, ardent, and disinterested believer in the principles of Socialism, endowed with a 'magnetic personality.' He first came into prominence at the time of the London dock strike of 1889. He was then an influential Socialistic journalist in Australia, and the contribution of thirty thousand pounds sent to the dock labourers from Brisbane is said to have been raised mainly by his efforts. The followers whom he collected to be the pioneers of his Utopia beyond the sea were 'the pick of the working men of Queensland and New South Wales,' 'tank-sinkers, shearers, bush carpenters, station-hands, with artisans used to the rough-and-tumble life of Australia.' No better material for a settlement in a new country could be imagined. As the site of the colony Mr. Lane obtained from the Government of Paraguay a hundred leagues of land, fertile, well-wooded, well-watered, conveniently situated, and healthy. Everything seemed to promise well; and the colonists looked forward to the enjoyment of an earthly paradise, unvexed by capital, competition, and the wages system. These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Not very long

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after the landing of the first batch of settlers, three members of the community were expelled by Mr. Lane for getting alcoholic drink from outside, in contravention of the total abstinence pledge which had been exacted from them. 'On the expelled members refusing to quit he disappeared from the colony, and returned later with a body of Paraguayan soldiers armed to the teeth,' with the result that the order of expulsion was no longer resisted. Incessant disputes followed as to the apportionment of the less attractive but necessary work of the settlement, and as to the management of its affairs generally. Questions such as those sometimes put to apostles of Socialism by practical-minded inquirers—Who will do the scavenging and the washing up?—were not found to be easy of solution. Mr. Lane could only keep order and overcome opposition by 'a policy of benevolent despotism, which the fact of his holding proxies for all the members of the association still in Australia enabled him to carry out.' Before long things reached a crisis, and about a third of the colonists seceded, most of whom, after being temporarily provided for

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by the Paraguayan Government, were repatriated. In the meantime a second batch of settlers arrived from Australia, discontent with Lane's administration of affairs gathered strength, and in 1894 he was driven to resign. He seceded from New Australia with about fifty devoted followers, and founded a new colony about a hundred miles off, to which the name of Cosme was given. The subsequent history of the two settlements, as related in detail by Mr. Grahame, is one of endless jealousies, dissensions, mismanagement, and financial difficulties. The numbers of the colonists dwindled as the result of constant withdrawals. In 1899 William Lane returned finally to Australia, and the Socialistic principle was soon afterwards practically abandoned by those who succeeded him in the government of Cosme. At New Australia it was decided by a vote of the majority that the constitution should be altered, and that henceforth every man should be entitled to dispose as he pleased of the fruit of his own labour. The land of the colony was parcelled out into estates to be owned and cultivated by individuals. After being thus reorganised from top to bottom

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on ordinary lines, the two settlements began to make progress, and are now, we are told, fairly prosperous."

So far the *Times*; but let me add to this an expression of my own convictions. The experiment of having no private property and no personal possessions might be possible among a small community of five hundred converted and deeply spiritual communicants, who had learnt first to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, who, having spent their lives at the foot of the Cross, were content to do the dirtiest work for the love of their brethren, and to go round in the spirit of their Master and wash the feet of the others for CHRIST's dear sake. And even then, "my home" and "my children" is the legitimate craving of every human heart. But to launch such an experiment without religion, to start such a community carefully excluding every religious element from it, to think that even if it succeeded with a few families living together, it could meet the needs of a city of seven millions like London, or even of a great town like Middlesbrough, seems to me to be like

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the Abana, a brilliant and fascinating stream which ends in the desert.

What, then, of the rival stream of Pharpar? For a fair and able estimate of what the old Political Economy could do and could not do, one could scarcely read a better book than Mr. Arnold Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution." He shows that all the furious attacks of philanthropists and others on the old Political Economy were founded on a mistake. It was true that it had no soul, but it never pretended to have any. It merely asserted that if you did certain things, certain results would follow ; it merely laid down that, given the same conditions, the same stream would flow in a certain way. It said nothing of what would happen if you took that stream and harnessed water-wheels to it, and used its power to grind corn, or if you dammed it up, as we have dammed the Nile at Assuan and produced three harvests in Egypt instead of one. No! it was those who erected on the old Political Economy the doctrine of *laissez faire*, those who persuaded even good people to turn the world into a sort of cock-pit, and imagine

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that if you allowed all conflicting forces to fight it out, all would be well—it is they who have at last been shown to be absolutely wrong, and the stream of their influence has dried up in the sand.

We come round, then, some with despair, some with hope, to the waters of Jordan. May we still wash in them and be clean? Is there force and power in that apparently slender stream to change the world? For it is clear that if we cannot find it here, we can find it nowhere. And we gather here to-day in this great centre of industrial life to express our humble but confident hope that there is.

GOD forbid that we should underrate the difficulties which still beset us; but, on the other hand, we should make the greatest mistake if we did not recognise the hopeful side of what is called unrest. “Industrial unrest”! cried a speaker at our London Diocesan Conference: “why, it springs from the marvellous success of your own Church schools. You have taught men to love life and to desire to see good days. You have taught men no longer to be content with the life of animals,

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but to desire to live the full life for which a man was born." And there is a great element of truth in the assertion. If, then, it is true that the Church has created the revolution, we are trebly bound to guide it and direct it. Is there nothing in the old power-house of the Church which will change the world to-day, as the older state of things was changed two thousand years ago?

Now, I ask you solemnly before GOD: "If employers and employed really obeyed the first Christian maxim, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others,' would there be no difference in the atmosphere of an industrial struggle?" Even if profit-sharing, which seems so hopeful a solution to the outsider, proves impracticable, must not every employer recognise that the cost of living to-day has increased just about twice as fast as wages have risen, and that the real question is not so much what the wage is, but how much life that wage will produce? On the other hand, is it too much to ask that the workman should look at the matter from the employer's point of view, and see that

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above a certain point wages cannot be raised, and that capital and brains and initiative are all essential to the success of a trade, and earn their reward as fairly as manual labour? Only Christianity can bring men into the atmosphere of trust and co-operation out of the atmosphere of cold suspicion.

Or, again, what can redress the effects of Individualism run mad? What can prevent the selfishness of those in possession? What can prevent the Britisher buttoning up his pockets with the cry of *my* land, *my* motor, *my* rights? Nothing but the Christian doctrine or stewardship really applied. "I live, yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me." "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." What familiar words! and yet how revolutionary! Live up to them, and we are halfway to the millennium; without them, we have not even started for it.

Or what, again, is going to wake the Christian conscience to the iniquity of some men's views about women which has produced the White Slave Traffic? Only the Gospel. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the

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HOLY GHOST?" "Whoso destroyeth the Temple of GOD, him shall GOD destroy." This is the teaching which alone can change the world. No power but the grace of GOD will keep the young man straight; no power but the pity and charity CHRIST taught for the weak will shield and shelter the poor woman whom the tempest blows against the wall.

Or, again, never can the promised time arrive when war shall be no more until a new spirit which can only come from an opening Heaven descends upon the nations of the world.

And, again, there is absolutely no hope of the world beginning to revolve round its true centre if once the Church ceases in season and out of season, by precept and by practice, by Word and Sacrament, to put GOD first, GOD at the beginning, GOD in the middle, GOD at the end, and to be obviously and clearly, in consequence, "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Up, then, and without delay draw out of the Church the power that yet can recreate the world. There is one line in the "Pied Piper

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of Hamelin" which always strikes the imagination—

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.

It is in something of that spirit I would have you go back to your quiet parishes in the country, or your great districts in the town; the world may not believe it yet, but the magic which will change the world sleeps all the time in the simple Gospel preached every Sunday by single-minded, earnest men in thousands of pulpits throughout the world.

It sleeps, but the time has come for it to sleep no more. With a new conviction that the Gospel which we preach contains the secret of the ages, and is the one solution of every great problem which still vexes mankind; with a faith that those most disturbed by the awkward and angular principles of Christianity may yet live to be thankful that, in spite of lapse of time, the salt has not lost its savour; with an absolute disregard of consequences so long as nothing but the truth is proclaimed—let the

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Church proceed to turn the world again upside down, and there is a chance—nay, more than a chance, a glad certainty, that the new Heaven and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness is nearer than, perhaps, many of us think possible to-day.

VII

THE VOYAGE OF THE SOUL*

“Be still, and know that I am God.”—Ps. xlv. 10 (A.V.).

It has been truly said that every man must be his own Columbus and find the continent of Truth ; or, as Father Congreve says in that beautiful book of his, “The Spiritual Order,” “every Christian soul has an instinctive belief that there is a ‘supreme good,’ and that life is an adventure, a voyage, to find the happy isles.” It is because I believe that these two statements contain such wonderful truth that I want to take them for our special thought to-night.

Every man—that is, of course, what they mean in plain prose—every man must have a faith of his own—no sister’s piety, no mother’s goodness, will do instead. And if one only

* Preached at the University Church, Oxford, on the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, to Oxford undergraduates, and repeated a few days afterwards to the freshmen of London University in the Mansion House.

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thinks what it would mean if the whole of a congregation like this got its feet upon the rock and ordered its goings, why, it would send a quiver round the world! That we may understand the picture, come, then, in imagination on the great Atlantic with one of the first explorers looking for a continent which he had never seen. Is it difficult to picture the alternation between hope and fear with which he would push on? It is pretty lonely now in the midst of the Atlantic on the topmost deck, looking east, west, north, and south, without a sign of land in sight. But think what it was when no one was perfectly certain whether there was any land the other side or not. They were pushing on from the land they knew so well, but were they drawing near any land on the other side at all? There was no sign of land. They would cry out, but there would be no voice that answers nor any that regards.

And yet, as they push on, there would be signs which would help their faith. They would come across one of those ice-floes like that which wrecked the poor *Titanic*; and how beautiful they are in the sunshine of the early

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morning, like visitants from another world bright with light ! Someone would put down his hand and would say : "What is this warm stream flowing through the cold ocean ? This must flow from some land where the sun shines more brightly than it does here ; it must be deflected by some continent." They would see, and did see, fragments of trees from some primeval forest on the water ; land birds would fly around as they got nearer, birds that they would know from previous experience lived on land ; and as they saw these things, with renewed hope and fresh faith they would push on through all the doubt and difficulty, and in the teeth of the hopelessness and the despair of those who did despair.

And what a day it must have been when they touched land at last ! Here was the explanation of all that they had seen. Here was the continent from the north of which came the ice-floes ; this was the source from which the Gulf Stream flows, and makes this little island in the northern sea the most glorious place in the world to live in, in spite of all that is said about its climate. From these forests came the trees,

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from this land flew the birds. They found their faith confirmed, their hope sealed, their love as explorers satisfied, for they had found a new continent, and, it has been beautifully and truly said, "had brought in the New World to redress the balance of the Old."

Yes, it was a great day; but nothing like the day when the man who has been looking for GOD finds Him—nothing like that day! And it is because I know full well so many here at Oxford—did I not go through it all myself?—are looking for GOD, sometimes stretching out hands and seeming to find nothing, sometimes kneeling down to pray, and feeling how awful it is that there is no voice that answers or any that regards the appeal, that I am here to speak a few words of encouragement to such men to-night. They are alone on the Atlantic. The old home faith—oh! they remember it very well, but they have slipped away from that, and they are looking for GOD; they are looking for a faith of their own; they are looking, like Columbus, for the "continent."

I want to try and show you that, like those first explorers, we can find many signs to help

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us as we push on in faith and hope. It is not a hopeless quest ; GOD has not left Himself without witness. And as one thinks over one's own experience in the solitude of that ocean, one remembers that as one looked up the first thing one saw was the stars. One could not realise at first all that the poet meant when he said : "The old infinity of love looks downwards from the stars." But even in our worst days of doubt the keenest secularist finds it hard to convince us that the stars made themselves. During the last seventeen years on this particular Sunday I must have asked many generations of Oxford men whether a box of letters could throw themselves into a play of Shakespeare. It was always a comfort to me to feel certain that they could not, because there was the mark of mind in the play. And when all the landmarks are lost in the distance, it is something to look up to the stars and feel "those stars never made themselves." If the box of letters cannot throw themselves into a play of Shakespeare, no more can the atoms of the universe throw themselves into the universe as we see it. One gets the first hold of "some-

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thing" there. Then, what answers to the ice-floes coming across the ocean? Why, what but these persistent ideas of God that you find in every age and in every clime? These ideas of God point to some continent from which they come; to some truth in front; to some reality to which they correspond. Those of you who have read some philosophy will remember that to the minds of some of the greatest men who have ever lived the persistent idea of God in every age, chilly, cold like an ice-floe, very often purely intellectual—that idea of God is to their minds the greatest witness to the existence of God. These persistent ice-floes must come from some ice-field in the distance.

But to my mind there is another fact which appeals with far greater strength, and to every mind a different argument appeals with different strength. I put down my hand into the ocean, and I find the warmth of the Gulf Stream ever flowing through the ocean. What produces it? Why is it here? Human nature in itself is selfish enough. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind; thou art not more unkind than man's

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ingratitude," wrote Shakespeare. Leave human lust, human desire, to itself, and it is cruel enough and ruthless enough. Do we not know it, those of us who are fighting to-day against the White Slave Traffic? Do we not know the absolute ruthlessness of these vile fiends in human shape who are destroying the lives of thousands of girls? And yet, all through this cold ocean there is flowing the Gulf Stream. It was Dean Church's own illustration of the Church that the Church through human history was like the Gulf Stream flowing through the ocean. You find to-day every public school with its missions among the poorest. As many as possible of us are going, after this service, to Christ Church Hall to back up the Oxford Mission to Calcutta. You find a stream of people from the West End ever flowing down with love and unselfishness into the East End. What has produced it? Where does this Gulf Stream flow from? There is clearly some country where the sun of love is shining more brightly than it does here.

In *East and West*, that magazine which many of you should read if you have a real

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interest in foreign missions, there is a striking story told by a missionary with regard to the law of the sea. He says: "You take the law of the sea, women and children first, for granted; but when the *Titanic* went down I spoke to the most educated Hindoo of my acquaintance and said: 'What ought to have been done?' 'Men first,' he said; 'men first, of course.'" "I went round my Hindoo villages," says the missionary, "and I asked the same question, and unanimously the answer came back: 'We have to save men first—and the rich men first of all.'" And therefore what we call the law of the sea, which we take as a kind of axiom to-day, is the creation of the Christian Gospel; it is part of the Gulf Stream that flows for ever through the ocean. And thus it is the love of man for man which you will find to be, when you work it out, the greatest witness to the love of GOD for man. It is the greatest witness to a GOD of love.

Or, again—and remember it is not only a continent we are approaching, it is a Person we are approaching—What is that Voice? I was asking this morning the Radley boys: What

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is that Voice which speaks to us so distinctly, "This is the way, walk ye in it"; "that is a disgraceful thing to do; that is the right thing to do"? Do we not know it is the Voice of an Individual, of a Person Whom we approach? It is not a case of approaching a continent; it is approaching a Person. But, better than that, there is a Person approaching us. It is not a question of finding God only, but of being found by Him. Have there been no gifts sent out before — gifts of health, strength, a University education? Are there no gifts sent on before from an approaching Person, as Jacob sent on his gifts beforehand to Esau, which seem to say, "Is not the sound of our Master's feet behind us?" Oh, the ingratitude of some of us!

Why, if we look, the approaching Person has sent on gifts before to tell us that He is coming on behind. Are there no signs in your life and mine of a Person controlling these lives? Cannot you look back, even you at your age, and see marks here and there—"some Person did this; overruled that sin, gave that warning, gave that encouragement?"

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There are the marks of a Person's work in our lives, if we look, all the time.

And therefore my belief is this : that if we mark those signs there is not one of us who may not touch ground at last ; that we shall find as we push on our voyage in faith and hope, through the mists of doubt, the day will come when we shall know that GOD is GOD, and GOD will be seen "in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod." And, mark you, Browning did not use these words lightly. In the star ! The old infinity of love will look down from the star. In the stone ! Every fossil thrown up is a sign of Someone at work preparing a home for His children. In the soul ! "It was GOD's voice speaking to me then all the time." In the flesh ! "You are not your own, you are bought with a price ; glorify GOD, therefore, in your body, which was meant to be as holy and blameless as your soul." In the clod ! Spirit, not matter, the ultimate reality ; every common, monotonous duty lighted up with glory, and every common bush afire with GOD. The question is : How are we to reach this tremendous reality and to

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have this living faith which turns the world upside down ? That is the real question, and I cannot tell you how I pray on these evenings that if it is only one soul, I might lift that one into a living faith, and go on myself more and more—because the knowledge of GOD never ends—more and more to know GOD, more and more to serve Him better.

Now, the reason that I have chosen this particular text is because it gives us, I believe, the real secret of this wonderful gift. “Be still, and know that I am GOD.” It is not that we are atheists ; it is not that many of us are agnostics ; it is that we are so rushed off our feet by one engagement after another, one thing treading on the heel of another, that we “never once possess our soul before we die.” I am not pleading for an impossible life. Who does not know that the life at Oxford must be a busy one, and that you are full of engagements of every kind, work and play and getting to know one another—a bright, happy life ? Of course it is ; but there must be in that life times of quiet and silence alone with GOD, or you will never know GOD, you will never know that

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GOD is GOD. Why, even working men, who have still less leisure, are finding out this now. It is a striking thing to know that in what we sometimes think of as agnostic Belgium ten thousand working men spent last year three days, at their own charges, alone with GOD ; three hundred and fifty Breton peasants did exactly the same ; and our working men in East London are beginning to find it out, and thirty of them came from Poplar to spend three days alone with GOD at Cuddesdon this summer. They are beginning to find out that GOD speaks His special message only to people alone. A man must get by himself. Isaiah was alone when he saw his wonderful vision. Our LORD went alone into the wilderness ; St. Paul was alone in Arabia ; St. John was alone when he saw the New Jerusalem coming down from Heaven as a bride. And even if, at this time of life, you cannot get your three days alone with GOD, you can every day get some time—early in the morning, at any rate—not only to pray yourselves, but to listen to what GOD will say concerning you. “I must hearken what the LORD GOD will say concerning me. Speak, LORD, for

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Thy servant heareth." There are times when you can get away for a little intercession in the middle of the day. There are early morning Communions which you began at school, and perhaps have only begun to neglect since you have been at Oxford. There is a little book, "The Practice of the Presence of God," by Brother Lawrence, which is a most striking book, for in all the din of his kitchen, amidst the clatter of the plates and the knives, Brother Lawrence was always alone with GOD, listening for the voice of GOD all the time. "Be still, and know that I am God."

And in the silence what are we to think of? I am certain that many find their times of stillness unfruitful because they do not know exactly on what to fix their thoughts. Well, let me suggest four or five certainties. Get some certainties to meditate on, and those certainties will lead you on to further truth. Now, one certainty is the *fact* of the Bible. I do not find that what I have read of modern criticism has done anything but greatly help my faith. The Bible stands securer to-day than it ever did. I do not consider as rays of

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new "light" *à priori* ideas as to whether, for instance, miracles are possible. Such *à priori* ideas convey no new light. But when you take real new light, think what light the inscriptions discovered in Asia Minor have thrown upon the Acts of the Apostles! Or, again, take the Sudan. I saw not long ago on the way to Khartoum the ancient buildings of the city of Merœe, to which the eunuch was going, rising from the sands. When you have seen the sun temple there, the foundations of Queen Candace's city, and the little church which may have been the successor indeed of the church at which the eunuch himself worshipped—one of the most ancient churches in the world—when you have seen all this, you glory in the light thrown upon the Bible. It does not upset your faith in the least that this or that book in the Old Testament is shown to be a hundred years later than we thought. The Bible never told a lie about this; our ideas about the Bible may have been wrong, and they have been set right, but the Book itself gleams with light more and more every day.

Get down upon your knees in the quiet and

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ask the HOLY SPIRIT Who inspired the writers, Who spoke through them, to interpret to you His own message ; and I would guarantee that to do that for a few moments every day would be a great step towards the knowledge of GOD. The revealing power of the Bible is so great. “Why cannot you leave the Bible alone?” someone once asked a secularist lecturer. “Because the Bible won’t leave me alone,” was the answer. That is just the point : the Church is to teach, the Bible is to prove. Do not let us have any more talk about “Church Christians” and “Bible Christians.” “What GOD has joined together let no man put asunder.”

Then meditate on the uniqueness of JESUS CHRIST. There He stands to-day in the middle of Europe, towering like a great column on the plain, and everyone else low beneath Him. “Live so that JESUS CHRIST will approve of your life”—could John Stuart Mill have said anything greater than that about Him? “JESUS CHRIST,” said the old rock-Archbishop—Archbishop Temple—“not only satisfies the conscience, but He educates the

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conscience while He satisfies it." His character is far greater than anything we could ever think of if we all settled down to think upon it. The book, "Ecce Homo," written to show the humanity of JESUS CHRIST, has convinced more people of His divinity than any book. Meditate in the silence on the uniqueness of JESUS CHRIST.

Then meditate on the power of the HOLY GHOST. You cannot see the wind, but you see what the wind does : you see it bend down the trees, you see it waft the ships across the sea. Why, after twenty-five or thirty years of work, you can doubt your own being rather than the power of the HOLY GHOST ! You cannot see the HOLY GHOST, but you can see stubborn human wills bend down before Him, you can see the Church wafted on its way through the world ; and if there is one thing certain in the whole world, it is the power of the HOLY GHOST to change weak men into strong, GOD-fearing men, just as He turned the weak, timid, and irresolute disciples into the world's Apostles at the first outpouring of Pentecost.

Meditate again on the wonderful success and

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progress of the Church. I used to ask, and often do ask of working men in London, "How did the Cross get to the top of the dome of St. Paul's?" True, it is a wonderful sight, but it is there, and it is very difficult to answer how it got there, unless you believe in the Resurrection. There the old gallows stands in triumph over the greatest city in the world. Think what a marvellous thing it is that five of the new Chinese Cabinet are Christians; you could not have thought it possible twenty years ago. And in Japan, where our missionaries were stoned a comparatively few years ago, they are listening and waiting for the Gospel to-day. Meditate therefore, not on shallow ignorant statements of some man who returns from a voyage round the world, living at Hotel Metropoles, who has never investigated the truth of the matter, but meditate upon what every really impartial observer will tell you, the marvellous progress of the Church to-day in the world, thousands being converted to JESUS CHRIST every year.

Then meditate on your own need of God. It is certain, if you are restless, irritable, un-

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happy, without any strong basis to your life, that what you want, my brother, is GOD. St. Augustine said that so beautifully, "Thou hast made me for Thyself, and my heart is restless till it rest in Thee." To find GOD is to have life quite changed; to have calmness and strength and happiness, and a sense of glory about everything. And you need GOD. But, even more than that, GOD needs you. How is He to convert the world without you? How is He to keep England a Christian country without you? He needs you. There comes to my mind as I speak the metaphor of the polished shaft—I have spoken of it already*—"Thou hast hidden me like a polished shaft; in Thy quiver hast Thou hid me." We can be polished shafts in GOD's quiver, polished so that He can shoot at every wrong. GOD really needs every one of us, and we need GOD, so meditate on that in the silence. Be still, then, get times of silence, meditate on these certainties, and you will find that a power not your own will lead you on as Columbus was led across the sea, and you will

* See pages 32 *et seq.*

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touch truth. More than that, you will find a Person, you will find Someone coming towards you, you will feel a FATHER's kiss upon your forehead and a FATHER's arms around you, and with a new certainty and with a conviction you never had before, and with a force which will change your lives, you will know that GOD is GOD.

VIII

GUILDHALL ADDRESSES*

I.—THE WORLD ABOVE THE MIST

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee.”—ISA. xxvi. 3.

I WANT to explain to you, first of all, the spirit in which I come among you. I come as a man among men, as a brother among brothers, and in the deepest humility. I come sometimes to the Guildhall to take part in your social life ; sometimes I have to come to beg your money. There is nothing of that sort about these addresses. I come to see if we cannot help one another to love GOD more and serve Him better. I am a learner like yourselves, and what I speak to you I speak first to myself—be certain of that.

* This and the two following addresses were given in Advent on three successive days to business men in the Guildhall of the City of London.

The World above the Mist

Now, the question is—or rather the three questions are—Can we know GOD? Can we love GOD? Can we serve GOD? And to-day, Can we know GOD? I am going to take as a motto a verse that always rings in my ears like a message of peace from another world, and I hope it will be a message of peace to some of you:

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.”

From the time I was a boy, this has always seemed a specially glorious promise, though I have never spoken on the text before. This is the peace promised to the man who knows GOD. That remarkable writer, Father Congreve, says in his book, “The Spiritual Order”: “When CHRIST rose on Easter Day He woke us to a world of order, light, and fellowship.” And a little later in the same chapter he says: “The peace of GOD brings infinity into the calculation, and infinity can stand any strain.”

It is, then, not of some future Kingdom to come that I speak, but of a present Kingdom that is promised; “the Kingdom of Heaven is

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among you." It is about the present Kingdom which is within the reach of all of us of which I wish to speak—a Kingdom of Order, Light, Fellowship, and Infinite Power. "Surely," says Bacon, "it is Heaven upon earth when a man's mind rests in Providence, moves in Charity, and turns upon the poles of Truth."

Now, the question is, Is this a reality? Am I going to give you some pretty clerical talk about something which is an illusion? Now, you do not suppose that I, a busy man, would call you, also busy men, together to talk about anything that I did not believe to be the great reality of the world? If you ask me why I feel sure that this world of Order, Light, Fellowship, and Power is a great reality, which has the peace of God brooding over it, and consists in the knowledge of God, my first reason is this: I have seen and known people who live in it. Let me take first three of my great spiritual masters: Bishop Wilkin-son, Bishop King, and Canon Body. If you had known those three as I knew them, you would be as certain, as you are certain of the sun, that those men were living in a real world

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which gave them their extraordinary power. Take Bishop Wilkinson, a man who all his life had to struggle against a tendency to melancholia ; yet he had his head above the mist all the time, and because he had his head above the mist he was able to convert thousands in London and throughout the world. Take Bishop King, quite a different man in temperament, with a bright cheerfulness of disposition. I remember once, when I was one of his pupils at Oxford, and he was Canon King, he was telling us to go wherever the doctor went, and never to have any fear about infection and especially never to give way to presentiments. "I had a presentiment," he said, "that I should die at the age of twenty-six. At twenty-six, sure enough, I was a curate, and there was a smallpox epidemic, with no one to nurse the patients, and no one to bury them. I had to nurse a smallpox patient till he died, and had to sew him up in a sack and bury him. I felt quite certain my hour was come, but I am here, gentlemen, this morning," he added, with a smile that those who knew him could never forget. He, too, moved above the mist. Or take

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that shrewd Northerner, Canon Body, with his features wrinkled with humour, and with that homely face of his lighted up from time to time with a most radiant and heavenly smile. Any one who has seen his work for thirty or forty years will know that that man was living in this beautiful world of Order, Light, Fellowship, and Power.

But, you say, "That is all very well, but you are talking about exceptional men. We are ordinary people. Can *we* live in this world?" I will tell you two stories in answer to your question. I need not hesitate about telling you the first, for the poor woman is now dead, and before she died she wished me to tell her story whenever I thought it well. That poor woman was in a state of absolute collapse before an operation. The surgeons could not touch her. Her faith, courage, and everything had gone. They sent for me. I pass over the hour that I had with her, but all I can say is this: that the next day, without a tremor, she walked to the operating-table and lay down, and the three surgeons—one of whom was an agnostic, and none of whom knew me personally—said to her:

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“What has the Bishop of London done to you?” and she looked round and said with a smile: “Something that none of you could have done.” What had I done? Absolutely nothing. But I had taken her by the hand and had led her into this world which she once knew, of Order, Light, Fellowship, and Power, and in that world with her head above the mists she was as brave as a lion.

And another case is that of a young soldier, dying of cancer in his throat. The growth had clutched his throat, and for weeks he could not speak to me. Just before he died he wrote upon his tablets—which was the only way he could communicate with me—these remarkable words—and mind you, brothers, we do not lie in the hour of death—“This is the happiest two months I have ever had in my life.” There he was, with his life behind him, dying at the early age of thirty-five or thirty-six, and because he had been led into this world of Order, Light, Fellowship, and Power, it had given him a peace which passed all understanding and a joy he had never known before.

But is this world of the knowledge of God

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something which unfits us for the work of life? Are we do-nothings, those of us who believe in it? Are we unfitted for the work of life? Most joyfully on another day would I, in a lecture, discuss that question, and I would prove to you that right through the ages the men who have turned this world upside down for GOD have been those who most firmly believed in another. Who have cleansed our prisons? Who have obtained the charter of the child? Who made it impossible for the weak to be ill-treated in a coal-mine or factory? Who has been at grips most strongly with the White Slave Traffic? In every case those who have had a belief in this other world, this world which we cannot see, but which is a great reality. Do you remember Richard Foster in the city, you merchants? Don't you remember what a quiet strength that man had? He was none the worse merchant because he had the peace of GOD that passed all understanding and yet he built nine or ten churches out of his own pocket, and was ceaselessly employed in trying to do good to his fellows all the time. And, therefore, most honestly

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can we claim that those who most have had their heads above the mists in this world of the Knowledge of God are those who have left the most indelible mark upon the world in which they lived.

Now comes the question, In what does this consist? What are the four secrets, the four entrances to this world of Peace, this world of the Knowledge of God? The first is Order. Is it not true that disorder is the secret of our unrest? Am I speaking to some—let us face facts—who are not happy, not at rest, not at peace? What is it but disordered passions, disordered lusts, undisciplined tempers? Is your home a happy one? If not, is it your temper? Ask yourself. Put aside all make-believe and face facts as we shall have to face them on the Judgment Day. Is it your temper? Have you your passions under control? Is the man on the horse, or is the horse dragging him along with the reins round his feet? If we answer honestly, we know that disorder is the cause of unrest. Disorder is the cause of restlessness and unhappiness. With all love as your brother, I summon you back to the world of

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order. You cannot have peace until you have faced those past sins and have received peace with GOD through JESUS CHRIST at the foot of the Cross. You may have despised what you heard the poor preacher say at the street corner, and no doubt it may have been a truncated, shortened, meagre gospel ; but he had got hold of one thing, and that is that no one of us can have the peace of GOD or enter into this wonderful world until we are—

Redeemed, restored, forgiven,
Through JESU's precious blood.

Face what there is in your past or in your present which is keeping you from the peace of GOD, and come and let us help one another as brothers, if we have not found it, to find Peace through Order.

And, then, not only in the past, but with regard to the present. Have you yourself in control? The last meeting I addressed in the Guildhall was on the subject of purity. Is not impurity the curse of hundreds of lives and the cause of widespread and lifelong misery? And yet we can have control. Did GOD give us a

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body that would not obey His moral laws? Can it be that His physical laws contradict His moral laws? We brought then the testimony of all the great physicians of London to show that a man was healthier and stronger physically if he obeyed GOD's moral laws. Come back from the reign and rule of that passion or lust that has got the better of you now. Get on to the horse again; get hold of the reins; put again the bit into the horse's mouth. Let your body become again a good servant, and not a vile master. And then order your life. You know you were much happier when you took the boys to church on Sunday morning, instead of spending Sunday morning at golf. Get back into the old ordered life, when you were much happier and much more at peace. Order your life again. Come back to the daily prayer again. Open the Bible. Come to church again with the children, and live a disciplined life through which GOD can speak. Order is the first secret of peace.

And then comes Light. CHRIST is more certainly the light of the world to-day than He ever was, and I think I could prove that if I had an hour to spare. To take one single

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point as an illustration of this, which I have mentioned briefly already: On my way to Khartoum I stopped on the way and found the old city to which the eunuch was going in the Acts of the Apostles rising from the sand. People wondered where it was. They knew that Queen Candace's city was somewhere. I saw the little Christian church there, probably the oldest in the world. So it is with other discoveries which have been made. A man like Professor Ramsay goes to Asia Minor, thinking that the Acts of the Apostles is a second-century document; he comes back, finding it to be the first and the best authority on the state of the Roman Empire in the first century. Do not, therefore, be afraid to believe in JESUS CHRIST to-day. He is more than ever the Light of the world. He shines to-day with a new brilliance and a new strength. At Fulham I am often awakened at about four o'clock in the morning by the discordant shrieking of the birds in the garden. Then up comes the sun, and what a miracle happens! The birds begin to sing a hymn of praise in tune. The flowers open their petals; the dewdrops glisten in the

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grass, and every dewdrop reflects the sun with a new radiance. The garden becomes the garden of our LORD. What will happen to your soul when the sun of righteousness rises on it? when you open the windows at last and let the light come in? Why, this will happen: You will begin singing hymns of praise. Faith, hope, and love, like flowers latent in you, will spring up like the petals of the flowers and bloom again, and every power and faculty you have got will gleam in the light of the SON of GOD. Our message for Advent is, "Rise, shine, for Thy light has come." Our prayer is that some of you whose souls are darkened may come into the light again and find the second secret of peace.

Thirdly, comes Fellowship. We were never meant to try like solitary pilgrims to find our way alone to Heaven. Man was meant for fellowship. He was born for a Church, and the Church of England Men's Society is showing now what brotherhood means. You were never meant only to read your Bible at home and to say your prayers alone. You were born to do it with other people, and we cannot grow to our best until we are learning to know GOD together.

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The day will come, if we pray for it, when all those misunderstandings about Church and Chapel, sect and denomination, shall fade away into one great glorious Church such as CHRIST once founded. But meanwhile come back into the fellowship to which you belong. You cannot serve GOD alone. You cannot know GOD properly alone. Come back to the great fellowship, which lasts beyond the veil. That dear child that was taken from you is still part of the Church. St. Augustine says the Church above loves and helps its pilgrim brothers. "Where my treasure is (I always think this is especially true of some dear child who has been taken to Paradise) there shall my heart be also."

And, then, once again, this world above the mist is not only a world of Order, Light, Fellowship, but also, thank GOD! of infinite Power. "The peace of GOD brings infinity into the calculation, and infinity can stand any strain." What would those Captains in the Balkans give to have unlimited supplies always at hand? Everything. We are promised nothing short of this—unlimited supplies always at hand. Oh, the depth of the wisdom of the Knowledge of

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GOD! When we touch God in prayer we touch unfathomable power. When we come to the Holy Communion we may receive unlimited supplies. You can have it in factory, workshop, or office, if you pray. You cannot be beaten down by temptation. No one has ever yet come to the bottom of the unfathomable resources of GOD.

That, then, is our heritage. This is our promised land—not something far, far away, but our promised land to-day. This is what we were born for, baptized for, confirmed for. Will we have it? You remember how Moses went up into Mount Pisgah and saw the promised land. He was not allowed to enter for certain reasons, but there it was—a real thing before his eyes. I take you up with me this morning into our Pisgah. There is the promised land, and we can have it. To see it is to want it; to want it is to strive for it; and to strive for it is to obtain it.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

IX

GUILDHALL ADDRESSES

II.—PRAISE, THE TEST OF LOVE

“O GOD, my heart is ready, my heart is ready : I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have.”
—Ps. cviii. 1.

I BELIEVE that we all feel a real desire to acquire the promised land—to enter into that Knowledge of GOD which consists in Order, Light, Fellowship and Infinite Power. Now we come to the further and even greater question : Can we love GOD ? Do we love GOD ? Knowledge is a great thing, but love is greater. I am going to take one single point to test our love, and that test is, do we praise GOD ? I am afraid that praise is the weakest part of our religion. I do not suppose there are many of you who never say a prayer. I am sure that most of you do sometimes thank GOD ; but this is the question we have got to face, Do we happily and habitually

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and regularly praise GOD ? If not, we do not love Him. In the days when men loved GOD they praised Him. Look at the Psalms. I have already given you a promise*: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Now I take a phrase from a psalm, the first verse of the 108th: "O GOD, my heart is ready, my heart is ready: I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have." That man felt the praise bubbling up in him like a fountain; he could not keep it down. He loved GOD so much that he had to praise Him. Or take another psalm: "Praise God in His holiness, praise Him in the firmament of His power." Or take those rough, rude days of Cromwell, when there was a very harsh theology; it was nevertheless magnificent the way they went into battle praising GOD. "The praises of GOD were in their mouths, though there might be a two-edged sword in their hands." Or take the best prayers in our language—those of Baxter or Andrewes—they are full of praise. The only quarrel I have with some of our little modern books of devotion is

* See page 125.

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that they have too much about ourselves. For every one look we take at ourselves (as an old writer says), we ought to have nine looks at God. And therefore I put before you praise, first as the test of our faith, then as the touchstone of our characters, and then as the best preparation for the life of the world to come.

First, as the test of our faith. Why do I say that praise is the test of our faith? As I went down the Red Sea early in 1912 and looked up to the glorious stars, hanging like lamps in the sky, I did not want a sermon to make me say, "What a glorious sight!" Or when we read of the stewardess of the *Titanic* giving up her life-belt to a passenger and going down with the ship, we do not want a lecture to make us say, "What a splendid woman!" Or to take an illustration of your own home, when your little child goes up to your wife and says, "Mother, what a darling you are!" she does not want two volumes of advice to make her say it. She says it because she believes your wife is the most lovable person that she knows. Do not you see, then, why praise is the test of love and the criterion

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of our faith? If we do not praise God, it is either because we do not believe Him to be a Person, or we do not believe Him to be a glorious and lovable Person. And yet, I ask you, what could God have done more than He has done to prove that He is a Person? Look at the stars alone. Could anyone but a Person have made the world? I used to ask very often in Victoria Park and elsewhere, Could a box of letters throw themselves into a play of Shakespeare? No, because there is a mark of mind in the play. Could the atoms of the universe throw themselves into the universe as we see it? Clearly not. There is the mark of mind in our play. And, mind you, that argument has not lost its force for a moment because we are told and believe that the world grew into what it is to-day. All that we know about evolution does not take away the necessity for a Person to have made the world. Or consider our consciences, yours and mine. Has it not been a Person Who has been speaking to us: "This is the way: walk ye in it." Did you not hear a Person speaking to you yesterday—a Person who was not myself? Did not a voice say to you: "That is true; I am not as

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happy as I was when I believed in GOD and served Him." A Person has been speaking to you and me, and a Person is speaking to us now. We should not come here if we did not believe there has been someone, not ourselves, at work amongst us. Conscience has been well defined as the voice of GOD in the soul of man.

Or look at history. Why is it that the unrighteous nations have gone down in history, and the righteous nations have stood, unless a Person is in charge of the world? I am not sure that we may not be seeing very plainly before our eyes a Person at work in history to-day. Or consider the Incarnation. Could GOD have gone further than to come in human flesh? One of my favourite verses which helped me in my religious life is: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the FATHER." GOD came as a Person—He could not have done more to convince us that He was a Person. How vague GOD would be, how far away, if we did not believe we saw Him in the face of JESUS CHRIST—the glory, grace, and truth of GOD in the face of JESUS CHRIST! And if a Person, is it not true to say

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that He is a glorious and lovable Person? Why, I know what I ought to have said as I looked up at those stars above the Red Sea and at spring in England when I came back. I ought to have said: "What a glorious mind GOD has! What an imagination to have thought it all out!"

And when we come to the Bible, I tell you what I should like to write as the title of every Bible: "GOD the Eternal Giver." That is what the Bible is about. First, the giving of the natural gifts—fruit, flowers, human love, of man for woman, woman for man, parent for child, child for parent—all that makes the happiness of the home you look forward to all through your City day; then the gift of the Eternal SON prepared for in the Old Testament and described in the New; then the gift of the Eternal SPIRIT; then the giving of what we ought never to have divided—the Church with the Bible in its hand, a living Society with the written page; and then the giving of eternal life. The only Person in the universe Who keeps nothing for Himself is GOD. As Mrs. Browning says:

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He lends not, but gives to the end
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather,—amend,
And finish it up to your dream.

Can we find no love or praise for the Eternal Giver?

Or watch the beauty of holiness—the attractiveness of goodness as seen in the life of JESUS CHRIST. Why, even the Centurion—the man in the street—saw that, though he knew nothing about Him. He looked up and saw the attractiveness of goodness and cried: “Surely this man was a SON of GOD. Surely this was a righteous man.” Or look at the beauty of holiness as seen in the work of the HOLY GHOST. Think of what I saw in the schools of Egypt—faith and hope and love springing up in the hearts of the children. They were the fruits which came from the beauty of holiness, the work of the HOLY GHOST. And therefore I say the test of whether we believe that is whether we praise. There is no good in a man rowing up and down in a boat unless he has got something to pull against. Then he progresses. It is no

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good saying: "We really must love GOD." We have got to pull against something, and the lever of praise is the character of GOD. If we thought more about it and meditated more on it, we should love more and therefore praise more.

And, secondly, not only is praise the test of faith, but also it is the touchstone of our characters. Why? Because there are three things we must have if we are to praise and love properly. The first is a quick imagination. "The dead praise not Thee, O GOD. . . . The living, the living he shall praise Thee!" Of course, in a sense there are no dead at all. As the children say in "The Blue Bird," "There are no dead." Those that we call dead are the most living of us all. But are there no dead in spirit? Have you never gone to your church or chapel dead in spirit? You cannot praise when you are dead. It is a test of praise to be alive. You know how Stevenson paints the dead spirit :

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books and my food and summer rain
Knock at my sullen heart in vain—

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That describes a dead spirit. Count your blessings. It brings tears to my eyes in East London to hear two thousand East London people singing—

Count your blessings, count them one by one,
And you'll be astonished what the LORD has done.

And they have not got half the things you have got. Wake up, and think what the Eternal Giver has given you in your wife, children, health, strength, and home. Wake up, and praise.

And, then, again praise tests our character, because we cannot praise unless we forget ourselves. Sometimes we do forget ourselves, as, for instance, when we are receiving in the Guild-hall some great popular hero. We think of our country and we think of him. But what we are meant to do every day is to forget ourselves in the greatness of God. "O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready : I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have." That is why praise is the life-blood of religion.

And, then, again, in order to praise, we must

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have nothing between us and GOD. "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the LORD? Who shall rise up in His holy place?" Now listen to the answer: "Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, that hath not lifted up his mind to vanity, and hath not sworn deceitfully." You cannot praise if there is anything wrong in the business, if you are being uncharitable to your neighbour, if you are not considerate and loving to your wife at home. If there is anything between you and GOD you cannot praise; that is why praise is such a splendid test of character.

And, then, once again, praise tests our love because it is the best preparation we can make for the life of the world to come. We all hope to go to Heaven. There is not one of us who does not wish to go to Heaven. But what is the dominant note of the life of the other world? We do not know many details about it, but we do know this: the dominant note is praise. If we are to praise there we must praise here. Do you know Browning's poem, "The Boy and the Angel"? Theocrite is a boy cobbler who is at his work—

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Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God !" sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.
Hard he laboured, long and well,
O'er his work the boy's curls fell,
But ever at each period
He stopped, and sang "Praise God !"
Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

* * * *

In the story the archangel Gabriel is sent down to take his place, and in splendid lines it is said :

"He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun."

But here is the point : even the archangel's praise could not take the place of the boy's. God, listening, said :

. . . "A praise is in mine ear,
There is no doubt in it, no fear.
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
Clearer loves sound other ways,
I miss my little human praise."

* * * *

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So the boy had to come back—

“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell
And set thee here ; I did not well.
Vainly I left my angel sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
Thy voice’s praise seemed weak ; it dropped,
Creation’s chorus stopped !
Go back, and praise again,
The early way—while I remain.”

Is there any thought which ought to make you and me praise every day more than the belief that GOD misses our voice—“I miss my little human praise”? I ask you, then, on your knees to—

Count your blessings, count them one by one,
And you’ll be astonished what the LORD has done.

Think over the character of GOD. Think over one by one those things of which I have spoken—the Eternal Giver, the beauty of holiness, the attractiveness of goodness, GOD’s ceaseless effort to show Himself as the loving, glorious FATHER of His children. And then may the HOLY SPIRIT make that issue in love and praise. Oh, I dare say you have dull,

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monotonous work in the City. Yes, but it can all be glorified by being offered in praise. "Who sweeps a room," says old George Herbert, "as for God's law, makes that an action fine." Think of the archangel Gabriel cobbling boots in the story. Then offer your suffering in praise, if you have to suffer. I know a man who has been dying of creeping palsy for eight years, and his favourite reading is a little sermon on praise. He cannot move hand or foot, but he offers his suffering in praise to God. Praise every morning in your private devotion. Come to church to praise. Let our churches ring again as they once did. Look at the City churches. I suppose they were filled at one time with people who praised every day—certainly every Sunday. You who are Church-people should never be content till you have come to the most glorious service of praise we have, when with angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven "we laud and magnify God's glorious Name." And if we spend our time here and offer our work and consecrate our lives in love and praise, we need not be afraid to die ; for we shall be born into the other

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world as quietly and peacefully as we were born into this, and we shall be only passing from praise here to praise there, and from the glory and happiness of this world to the still greater glory, and the still deeper happiness, of the life of the world to come.

X

GUILDHALL ADDRESSES

III.—A SENSE OF HONOUR THE SECRET OF GLORY

“CHRIST in you, the Hope of Glory.”—Col. i. 27.

CAN we know GOD? Can we love GOD?
Ought we to serve GOD?

Now, there is nothing that we cherish and desire more for ourselves and for our children than a sense of honour. Even the Spartan mother, you who read ancient history will remember, desired rather to have her son sent home dead than come home in dishonour. Even the Persian father taught his son to ride straight, to shoot straight, and to speak the truth. And therefore a sense of honour, and a desire for a sense of honour in those we love, lies very deep down in the human heart. All the most beautiful stories in the world concern this sense

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of honour. In the Old Testament Abraham comes home from avenging his neighbour's wrongs, but he will not touch a pennyworth of the stuff lest they should say he did it for himself. David pours out the water brought from the well of Bethlehem as a sacrifice because three brave men had risked their lives to get it. His sense of honour would not let him drink it. Saladin, with his splendid chivalry towards the Crusaders, is one of the characters that live in history. Sir Philip Sidney would not take the water which was brought to him as he lay wounded, because another wounded man near by wanted it more. You can sum it all up in Watts's beautiful picture of the young knight in shining armour, looking across the field of life, and underneath are the words :

For all may have,
If they dare try,
A glorious life or grave.

And, therefore, if we Christians—here is the point up to which I am leading—fail in a sense of honour, we fail in the worst place. I find,

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for instance, when I come across men who are atheists or agnostics or unbelievers, who have nothing to do with the Church, I find again and again that it is because they think the Church has failed sometimes in a sense of honour. They have read history. They have seen how Hypatia was hounded to death by Christian monks. They have read stories of the Inquisition. They have, perhaps, met some narrow-minded clergyman. They have come across some Christian in business who has not lived up to a sense of honour—sharper in practice, they say, than a man who is not a Christian. Or they have met a Christian in daily life who is less charitable and less loving than his neighbours. An American Bishop tells a story that in the far parts of America years ago he came across numbers who said they were “Ingersoll’s Boys” (Ingersoll was the great agnostic lecturer of America). They pointed to a man in their community, and they said : “There is the founder of our Atheist Club.” The man they pointed out was well known as a regular Church- or chapel-goer. The Bishop said : “Oh, but he is a regular

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Church-goer.” “Yes,” they replied, “but he has founded our Atheist Club because we know him to be a humbug.” If we fail in this sense of honour, the Christian Church fails at the most vital spot. Are they not right to demand from a Christian a great sense of honour? Why, there ought to be a glory about a Christian. There ought to be a greatness about him, a generosity about his thoughts, a loftiness about his motives; everything about him ought to be beyond reproach, because he is a Christian.

I will give you two reasons for this: First, because the Founder of our religion was the first true gentleman that ever breathed. An Elizabethan poet, Thomas Dekker, described Him in these words:

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

And though it almost sounds blasphemous to say it, what a perfect gentleman He was in all His ways and thoughts! What a chivalrous nature our Blessed SAVIOUR had! Think of His kind-

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ness and chivalry to His Mother. Think how He shielded His friends. He never thought of Himself. How He prayed for His enemies ! “FATHER, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” How chivalrous in working for the poor ! “Work, work, work, while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.” “I am among you as He that serveth.” He not only said these things, He practised them. We see Him washing the feet even of Judas—the supreme Captain of all the Heavenly Hosts washing Judas’s feet ! And then the Cross ! Was there, could there have been a more perfect example of a sense of honour, of a more chivalrous, knightly service, than that of JESUS CHRIST ? And then again think over the Incarnation itself, for do not make any mistake as to what our religion is. It is not about a good Man only Who once lived on earth. The Incarnation was produced by a sense of honour in the Godhead. Here was poor, fallen man, but the Godhead had made Him. What had happened ? What was to be done now that he had fallen ? And obedient to the keenest sense of honour, down came the

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Eternal SON, crying, "Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O GOD." The sense of honour in the FATHER made Him give His SON. "GOD so loved the world that He gave His only begotten SON . . ." The sense of honour in the HOLY GHOST brought Him down to complete the work of the FATHER and the SON.

And, therefore, when we contemplate the meaning of the Cross, there is a glory about it—ah! as great as the glory of the Resurrection; and it is the glory of perfect chivalry, the glory of absolutely selfless service. And if that is the great example, if that is the start of the Christian Church, am I not right in saying that, in spite of all its faults, in spite of the Inquisition, in spite of the persecution of Hypatia, in spite of the narrow-minded clergyman or layman, in spite of the inconsistent business man, in spite of the uncharitable Christian—and oh that we could get rid of all this bitterness and jealousy and want of charity in our Churches!—the Church of JESUS CHRIST has been the greatest school of honour the world has ever known.

Just think of what it has done for women.

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Go and live in a Mohammedan country for a few months if you want to know the difference between the position of women in Christian countries and in other parts of the world. CHRIST has been the greatest Friend woman has ever had. Look at the way we regard the individuality of the child. Think of the army of self-sacrificing priests and deacons who have gone forth in two thousand years. Think of all the laymen who have given up their leisure for generations, century after century, to work for CHRIST in His Church and the little ones. Think of all those men who have cleansed our prisons, who have fought for the honour of the child. Think of those to-day who in hundreds go down and work in the slums as a labour of love. Have I not had thirty young men myself all working as a labour of love for nine years in East London, and have I not seen their work? When you add to them the doctor who will sit up night after night with his patient, the fathers who stint themselves at home in order to educate their children, the splendid mothers among the poor who uncomplainingly give up everything for their husbands

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and children—all “the unknown good who rest in GOD’s still memory folded deep”—when I think over all that, I stand before you all and I glory in being a minister of the Christian Church, for the Christian Church has proved itself to be the grandest school of honour the world has ever known.

And that is why our last question touches us in the most vital spot of all. We have got this glorious example in the Godhead, this sense of honour, this spirit of absolute service, this chivalry. We have got the tradition of two thousand years behind us of a great Church which, with all its faults, has poured itself out in unselfish service. And what are we going to do about it in our generation? If we fail here, we fail absolutely; if we fail in honour, we fail in our best tradition, we fail in our most sacred trust. Now, think quietly with me where the sense of honour touches us most. First, and most obviously, in the City itself. How have you built up all your splendid trade? On a sense of honour in the City. An Englishman’s word is looked on as his bond in all quarters of the world. Thank God, I believe it is still so to-

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day. But remember, I cannot for a moment fail to remind you that only will the glory of England stand if the honour of the City and the sanctity of the Englishman's word are still upheld in every quarter of the world.

Then come a little nearer home. What about the boys? What about the boys in your office? I am not going to insult you by thinking that you can be the men who would tell filthy jokes in the ears of a boy, or show him degrading postcards, though I have known men inhuman enough to do it. I would not insult you by thinking you could do that. But I put it far beyond that. Have you a sense of honour about those boys in your warehouse and office, not merely to do them no harm, not merely not to be like the elder men in some offices who have actually led boys into mischief. But you have got, if you respond to the sense of honour as a Christian, to shield those boys. You have got to set them an example they will remember for life, and you are absolutely responsible before GOD for what they are in your workshop and office.

Or take the women. Why have we had to

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pass the White Slave Traffic Bill? It is not enough for us to get up and denounce the trafficker. He is an unclean villain if you like, and rightly flogged. But what about the men whose demand has brought about the White Slave Traffic? What about that absolutely false teaching that certain sins of human nature must go on? It is the low moral tone of us men which has produced the White Slave Traffic, and the sense of honour compels us to take a totally different line from that which we have been taking as men. The woman is entrusted to us as a younger sister all over the world. We have never to assent to the talk of the clubs or the low offices that they are in any sort of sense given to satisfy the passions of mankind. We have got to alter the whole tone of men to-day. A man of the world said to me lately (and a good man, too): "It is astonishing when twenty men get together how they make themselves out worse than they are. A man says very different things when you walk home with him by yourself." It is that miserable, wretched tradition of making yourself out worse than you are before other people and refusing to give

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a fearless witness, which is at the bottom of the mischief. You know what is right, and you ought to be ready to say what is right, and to denounce what is wrong. It is this fatal cowardice which is against the true sense of honour. I have come here with you, and as one of you, to try to raise the standard of our thoughts and minds, and I say, do let us stand by one another in a real sense of chivalry and honour, with regard to the women entrusted to our care.

And so at home. What sort of home have you got? I would that one issue of these meetings may be that a man may go home and be again a chivalrous husband to his wife, once again bring in true harmony into the home, and not keep all his good manners and pleasantness for his club.

And behind all this—GOD! Have we a sense of honour to GOD? What is GOD expecting us to do? Force that home. And what about our country? Whether or not Lord Roberts is right in detail, I am one of those who believe that he is preaching as a true prophet to us our duty to our country, and I would like to see

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every man have a sense of honour to his country, and, at any rate, do something to protect her.

Or take the responsibility about our wealth, whether we have much or little. I wonder whether every man in the City feels that he is responsible not only for how he makes his money, but for how he spends it? It is not your own. It is intolerable to me to see those thousands of poor wanting everything, and numbers of people with more wealth than they know what to do with. We have got to redress the balance. I am not a Socialist in the ordinary sense, but we have never yet learned the thoroughgoing nature of the doctrine of stewardship. Not a penny we have is our own, and for every single farthing of it we have to give an account to the great FATHER of all. When two boys are sent to school, and the father gives one the journey money and supplies, he hardly thinks it necessary to tell him he must share it with the younger brother who goes along with him.

And, then, think of service. There is a little golden stream of service that flows among the poor, but we want far more of it ; we want far

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more officers for the Church Lads' Brigade, far more Scoutmasters, far more residents in our Settlements. There are hundreds of hard-working clergy longing for Sunday-school teachers. Cannot you go and pass on the Faith in some slum Sunday-school? If we have this sense of honour, then we are honourably bound to pass on what we have received. What is my SAVIOUR through the SPIRIT asking me to do that I have never done before? He said: "I am among you as He that serveth, and this command I give you, that ye shall do as I have done to you." How am I to serve? The Prince of Wales has "Ich Dien" (I serve) as his motto—the grandest in the world. Is my motto "I serve"? and, if so, how am I serving?

Or take the great unconverted world. Do you mean to say we have no sense of honour with regard to the heathen? What has made England great? Christianity. Who brought it to us? A few monks at the risk of their lives. Is there no debt of honour for all denominations throughout the world to join together in some great movement by which we pass on all that we have received to China,

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Japan, and the islands of the sea? Do not take that shallow, miserable tone that some men take, "I don't believe in missions." To say that is to write yourself down as someone who is not at the beginning of religion. As a nation, as a Church, we have this immense trust of the Christian religion, and we have it only to pass it on.

And that brings me to the last motto I would leave in your minds : What is the hope of all this ? How am I to be this ? How am I to be the unselfish knight at every moment—the chivalrous gentleman ? How am I to be like CHRIST in the world, and lost in service ? And there comes from Heaven the motto I would leave ringing in your ears : "CHRIST in you the hope of glory." That is it. I cannot by myself—I am selfish, self-centred—but CHRIST in me can do these things. CHRIST can dominate my thoughts, change my life, inspire me to do this, come and visit with Me among the poor, come and take a Sunday-school in Me. "CHRIST in me the hope of glory"—the hope of having this glory about my life which I ought to have as a Christian.

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Talk over that and pray over it. This is the Christian religion, not that CHRIST died for you. That is the start of it. You begin as a forgiven man. Not CHRIST as an example ; that would make you despair. But CHRIST in you—that is hope. Make it your hope. He longs to live in you. Of course, we Churchmen love the Holy Communion because we believe that it is the great means by which CHRIST comes within us ; but all of you believe in the Bible, and the great prayer in the Bible is that CHRIST may dwell in your hearts by faith. Pray that He may come in—

Oh, come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee !

And if He comes in He will bring His own glory with Him, and the glory which He will bring is the reflection of the rainbow round the throne.

XI

A LAMP SHINING IN A DARK PLACE*

“A light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.”—2 ST. PETER i. 19.

I do not think it is possible to find a more exact metaphor or more perfect picture of what the Bible is and does than this wonderful picture in the Epistle of St. Peter—“A light shining in a dark place.” First of all, because we do live in a dark place. I believe we do infinite mischief in minimising the dark problems of the world. Three have been brought before me this very day. Why should a man be suddenly struck blind, and be left so year after year, when others see? Why should a clergyman’s wife, who has longed to help him every

* Preached in Westminster Abbey on the Second Sunday in Advent, 1912.

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moment of her life for twenty years, through a certain illness be apparently useless and inactive by his side? Why should a poor girl coming to London to earn her living honourably and honestly have such tremendous difficulty in paying her way, and then be struck down by some sudden and unexpected infirmity, and apparently find it impossible to pay her way at all? "Why," said another poor girl on her sick-bed, "why are all those thousands killed in the Balkan war, and why do I hear outside my room as I try to get to sleep night after night so many sounds which speak of misery?" We have to face the suffering and sorrow of the world. The Bible faces it. As is well said in a book called "Foundations," which has a beautiful chapter on the Bible, "The note of the Bible is not 'all's right with the world,' but much rather, 'who will show us any good?'" and that hymn so often sung in our missions strikes a true note—

March, march, onward, soldiers true,
Take through cloud and mist your way ;
Yonder shines the fount of light,
Yonder gleams eternal day.

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Dean Church was no pessimist, but it was he who said, "We are like children lost on a dark common at night, without CHRIST."

And yet side by side with that, without fear and without faltering, the Bible speaks of a glorious day to come. Not for ever are those war clouds to brood over Europe. Not for ever are poor little girl scouts to be strangled in the dark. Not for ever are we to have the misery of the White Slave Traffic. No! there is a day coming when all this shall be over—"when the day shall dawn and the day-star shall come at last," and the glorious morning breaks over the world.

And, then, between the two pictures, here is where St. Peter was guided to a perfect illustration. In the dark—not obliterating the dark, but lighting it up; not the dawn, but speaking of the dawn—the Bible is a lamp shining in a dark place. May I take a simple illustration suggested by Dean Church's well-known metaphor? Here is a child on a dark common, and all the terror of the darkness is upon her. She does not know which way to turn, or where she shall go. And then—yes, can it

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be? Here is a lamp alight, a lantern advancing towards her across the common. Oh, joy! It is father come with a lantern to see her home. That perfectly represents the poor stricken man, woman, or child, lost on the dark common with no light, and here through the dark the great FATHER—you cannot see His form, you can see the visible hand—holds out a lamp to show the child the way home.

And the visible hand which holds the lamp is the Church. I suppose that no mistake has made such mischief in the world, nothing has so broken up Christianity as that foolish contrast between the Church and the Bible. Why, if everyone had understood what I am going to try to say, I will venture to say we should have been without three-fourths of our divisions. The secularist scoff that has robbed boys of their faith in the parks would have fallen entirely flat. And we might have had what, please God, we will have some day—a great united brotherly Church, the members of which understand one another, and which holds firmly the Bible in its hand. Why should there have been this mistake? How did the Bible ever get, say, to

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Bethnal Green? Living men took it, living men brought it over to this barbarous Britain, living men built the Church there, living men took the Bible and lived it out there; and, therefore, to put a distinction between the living men who brought the Bible and the Bible which they brought, is to build up a mischievous distinction which only puzzles souls.

But, further, how was the Bible ever written? What is the light in the lamp? Thank God, the light of the HOLY Spirit. We all believe that. But the HOLY SPIRIT came down upon men, and not upon a book. The HOLY SPIRIT came down upon men who were men of their own age, who never pretended to be divinely inspired on history or science or geography. And all the secularist scoffs that I heard for nine years in East London absolutely fall flat when it is understood that the writers of the Bible never claimed to be authorities on these things at all. But the HOLY SPIRIT came down upon the men; they were inspired men, and they wrote the Bible.

But how do we know the Bible is the Bible? This was the question that used to puzzle so

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many in East London. How were the documents selected from the mass of Christian documents? and how could we be certain that the Bible is the Bible? I remember how men used to try and puzzle the simple folk in East London by the scoff that according to the teaching of the Church the Apostles prayed, and that then the right documents jumped upon the table. But what is the glorious truth? The inspiration of selection: that living men were guided to choose from the mass of literature the right literature, and that this choice was tested and ratified by the public opinion throughout the Church, of living men and women, to whom the documents were read. Read that delightful book, "The Bible in the Church," by Bishop Westcott, and you will see that half the difficulties about the Bible are no difficulties at all, and you will understand how the HOLY SPIRIT working through the living men and women, who were called the Church, sealed the book to be the Bible for all time.

So, again, why do I dare to preach about the Bible? Only because I believe it is the FATHER'S will that a living voice shall speak

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about the light, that a living hand shall hold it up, that to every wandering soul there shall be shown a visible hand in the dark holding up a lamp, however black the darkness be. And the living Church is to preach about and interpret the Bible to the end of time, and to be "the pillar and ground of the truth."

But if the Bible needs the Church, surely the Church also needs the Bible. How have such strange doctrines grown up among some who call themselves Christians? How are we to be certain that, just as an unprotected light blows out on a gusty night, our light may not blow out? One never wishes to throw stones at any fellow Christian, but if every branch of the Christian Church had loved and cherished the Bible as the Church of England, which has four passages of the Bible read every day in the services of the Church, week day and Sunday, there would not have been so much falling away from the primitive deposit of truth as there has been. No, we believe that it was the FATHER Who enclosed the light in this beautiful and shapely lamp, that it might not blow out, that it might remain the same light, always and

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for all time, and be the same for us as for a thousand years ago. We believe that if it is the FATHER's will to have a living hand holding out the lamp, it is not for us to draw invidious comparisons between the lamp and the hand. What GOD hath joined together let no man put asunder. "The Church to teach, and the Bible to prove," is the motto of the Church of England, and in Bishop Lightfoot's last Congress sermon I heard him make this tremendous prophecy, in substance :

"The Church which shall be found at last to have unbroken orders in the one hand and the open Bible in the other, under that Church Christendom shall one day be re-united."

Let us, then, look at the lamp in the dark place which the living Church brings to us. What is the first thing that we find it does ? Like a lamp on a dark common, the only thing it pretends to do is to show us the track. It does not pretend for a moment to chase away the darkness. That will all be chased away when the great Advent comes. But it throws light on the track. We do not know which way to go. We do not know which way to

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start across the common ; but here is the well-trodden track which thousands have trodden before. We see it now, when the lamp comes, and we understand now why the first Christians were called "The People of the Way," because, as the heathen world saw them, they were always going, holding lighted lamps, along the same way, across the common—treading the same path of purity, self-control, godliness, prayer, Sacraments—and with their faces in the same direction. Therefore they were called "The People of the Way." I wonder whether I am preaching to some brother or sister who has lost his or her way—who used to be in the Way, who used to tread that path when they were boy or girl, but they came to London, and they drifted away from the track? They are not anything like as happy as they once were. There are all kinds of wire fences and pitfalls in the dark, and they have fallen into many of them. May I to such a one hold up once again the lantern, the lamp shining in the dark place, and say, "Come back, come back into the way of peace"? It is sent for you. Remember Who it was said, "I am the Light

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of the world, and he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Oh ! if there is but one of you, one wanderer in the dark who would come back into the well-trodden way of Peace, it would be worth while holding this service.

And, then, when we have come back, what does the lamp shining in the dark place do for us ? It lights our path. Its great feature is its constancy. I believe there is one truth which changes life more than any other, and that is to take one day at a time, and never look beyond that day. It is the plain teaching of the Gospel. We are only promised food for the day and light for the day, and the lantern, the lamp across the common, only shows us one step at a time—

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

That is the Christian's prayer.

And when we have been led one step, by what Phillips Brooks called "accumulated faith" we look for light for the next. And we find as we follow the light that it is a far more

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brilliant light than it looked. It looked at first quite dim as it came across the common towards us, but when we go down on our knees with it morning by morning and ask for light—"Send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me"—it is extraordinary how brilliant the light becomes. It lights up everything. It lights up dull, monotonous toil. We had in the City lately twelve hundred men day by day in the Guildhall—a sight never before seen in Advent; please God, we will have it again—and one day we took this thought: "CHRIST in you the hope of glory."* Not hereafter, but *now*. Every single daily duty can gleam with light. It makes no difference whether it is some grand work the world hears of, or the daily plodding in an office. Of the archangel Gabriel it is said, in that famous poem, "The Boy and the Angel":

He did God's will, to him all one,
If on the earth or in the sun.

And undoubtedly this brilliant light from the lamp lights up the daily path and the daily work

* See page 153.

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till it gleams with light. CHRIST in me the hope of glory! There ought to be a greatness of tread about a Christian, a largeness of motive, a generosity of feeling. CHRIST in him the hope of glory—to have “the first true gentleman that ever breathed,” as Thomas Dekker called Him, living in us day by day. That, and that only, is the hope of glory, and that is what the lamp gives us.

And, then, it lights up suffering. It does not abolish it, but it lights it up. We turn to those pages about the Passion of our LORD, and we begin to see there must be some extraordinary meaning in suffering. Here is this “first true gentleman that ever breathed,” the Eternal SON of GOD, enduring suffering which was absolutely undeserved. It cannot be then because GOD has forgotten you that you suffer. It may be that, although the path of suffering is but a rough cart-track across the common, it is the shortest way Home. The lamp lights up death, and it lights up death by showing that there is no such thing as death. When, in “The Blue Bird” the two children, much terrified, spend the night in the graveyard, they reappear in the

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morning with this dramatic assertion: "There are no dead." And though the track seems so dark ahead, and it seems as if there was something to pass through, the real revelation which the lamp makes to us is this: that there is nothing to pass through. There is nothing between us and the Home really. "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

There shines, then, much brighter than ever, much brighter even after fifty years of criticism, the only light which lights up the darkness of the world. We have to make up our minds how we treat it. There is no other. It becomes increasingly plain as the years go on that there is no other. We can ignore it, but God forgive a man the madness of ignoring the one light that lights up the darkness of the world. If there be a man or woman among you who never opens the Bible, come back on Bible Sunday, and take again the old lamp which you once used, and let that lamp cast its light upon your daily path. Or, if we do not ignore it, we may very partially examine it. There are some

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people who go to the Bible for their favourite little doctrine, and use about six verses of the Bible over and over again. That is not the way to have the light. We must go with an open mind and intelligently study the Bible, throwing open our whole souls to its message—not partially, but fully. It is incredible, for instance, that some men can call themselves Christians and yet say they do not believe in foreign missions. “Go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” Is that in the Bible or not?

Can we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on
high,

Can we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?

And so I plead for a full, intelligent, and devotional use of the lamp which the hand of the Church brings in the Name of Almighty God. Read the Bible, pray over the Bible, study the Bible, live out the Bible, and the experience of ten thousand times ten thousand is that the lamp will never fail you till it leads you—

. . . o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel-faces smile,

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

XII

THE CORDS OF A MAN*

“I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.”
—HOSEA xi. 4.

WE have had our eyes lately fixed and focussed by the Church upon a beautiful picture, from which I tear myself with the greatest reluctance—upon the Bible as “a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawn.” † That was St. Peter’s picture of the Bible—the shrouded form of the FATHER coming across the dark common at night with a living, visible hand—the Church—holding out the lamp to the lost child. “Without CHRIST,” says Dean Church, “we are like children lost on a dark common at night.” There could not be a more accurate illustration or description. The child

* Preached at Christ Church, Brondesbury, on the Third Sunday in Advent, 1912.

† See page 186.

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is filled with fright and bewilderment on the dark common, knowing not which way to turn or which way to go, when—Yes! Can it be? There is a light coming towards it. Oh, joy! It is father coming across the common in the dark with a lantern to take her home. So to us, lost in all these problems of death and suffering, GOD comes holding in a visible hand a lamp to light us Home.

And yet if we stopped there we should not fathom the depth of the FATHER's love. After all, it wants something more than a book to draw the world to GOD, however beautiful and true and shining with truth and love that Book is. And therefore, as the complement and supplement of that picture of the Bible, our minds are fixed to-day on the teaching Church and upon the ministry. "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." That poor frightened child in the dark does not only need a lamp to be held up that she may see the path; she needs the loving hand put upon her shoulder, the gentle pressure which shall lead her along the path that she may get safely home. And therefore I want, GOD helping me, to try to

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understand myself better, and make you, my people, understand better, GOD's loving purpose in the ministry.

And, first of all, notice that it begins in the cradle. When a little child arrives into this world in which we live, it does not arrive in a desolate empty world at all. The first kiss of the mother is the first act of ministry which that child receives. And in passing I do say to you mothers, do you realise what a wonderful ministry yours is? You are the first minister and steward of GOD's mysteries, whom that child meets in this world. What about the mother who has no settled faith to pass on to her child? What about the mother who does not know what to teach her child? Is she a faithful steward of GOD's mysteries? If you have a little child entrusted to you by GOD, in Heaven's name have some clear, definite faith to teach that child, for if you are drifting away into the darkness, what is to happen to your child?

And then the mother's ministry in the cradle is followed soon by the loving ties of brother and sister. Then come other "cords

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of a man, bands of love." Before we know where we are that child is half grown up, and finds the magic and the power of what we call human life. Then come those strong bands which bind the family together. Never for a moment are we left to ourselves. And, mind you, all this is according to the will of GOD. We were born into a family and we were born for a Church. No man was ever meant to find his way by himself to Heaven as a solitary pilgrim. We were never meant to be at our best by ourselves. When old Aristotle said that man was what he called "a social animal," he meant what we mean to-day when we say we are born for a Church. And when people sometimes say, "Oh, how hard it is, how cruel it is, that a father's sins should be visited on his children" (and we have only to go to the Ormond Street Hospital to see that they are so visited), the only answer is Yes, but if you are going to claim to stand on your own basis by yourself, no other person can save you. You cannot be saved by JESUS CHRIST if you are a solitary unit. You must save yourself. We must take the good with the evil and the evil

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with the good, and if through links and bonds and ligaments the power of salvation comes to us from the Head of our Race, we must not quarrel, if when we are wicked, the evil travels down through the same avenues of approach and every family is affected by the sins of its head.

We are born, then, into a world of ministry and of influence for good or for evil. And when we are in it, have you ever noticed that most of the gifts of GOD reach us through others? Of course, thank GOD, we can have direct access to the FATHER. We kneel down and pray day by day, and receive directly from GOD grace and guidance and power. We love the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask GOD." But still, how many of the gifts of GOD reach us through others! "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the FATHER of Lights." Yes, but it reaches us through someone else, in nine cases out of ten. The physician is a minister and steward of the healing art. He brings us GOD's healing; I could not have it directly. If there are any physicians or surgeons among you, I do pray

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them to realise what a sacred work theirs is, what a glorious GOD-given work and that it should be done—as it often is done—in the most religious spirit. Or take the artist. He takes us by the hand and leads us into the world of beauty! We should not see it if he did not take us there. He takes us by the hand and ministers to us and shows us GOD “in the star, in the stone, in the soul, in the flesh, and the clod.” The artist is a great minister and steward of GOD’s mysteries. Or take the poet. I think we scarcely realise what gifts the true poet bestows upon us. He takes us into all the storm of human passion and explains it to us. It has been truly said that you can get any thrill out of Browning. Why? Because that great poet takes you into and makes you understand the play of human passion and human love in the most extraordinary way. You are a bigger and a more understanding man when you have been ministered to by a great poet. Or take the plain business man, of whom I have no doubt there are many in this church this morning. You too are a steward of GOD’s mysteries; you are a minister. What glorifies

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your City life? What redeems it from monotony and mere money making? It is that you are working there and toiling there that you may minister to others, that you may make your children and wife happy and help those poorer than yourself. If it is only for yourself, then it is an absolutely selfish life. The life of a City man should be as a minister and steward for others; he works for gifts and then ministers them to the world.

Can we, then, wonder that when it came to the question of how this great world was to be won to GOD, GOD should ordain that all those bands of loving influence in the midst of which we were born should be used? Remember the Psalm of this morning :* “Thou leadest Thy people like sheep *by the hand of* Moses and Aaron.”

When we study the Bible we are not surprised to find in the Old Testament that these “cords of a man and the bands of love” are used. Prophets were filled with the SPIRIT. Even before them, Lot had loving pressure put upon him to rescue him from Sodom. Abraham exercised

* The Third Sunday in Advent, 1912.

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his loving ministry for Sodom. Moses holds up his hand and uses his loving influence and intercession for those fighting beneath him. And when we come to the New Testament, how much more plainly is it true that "a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How perfectly was that fulfilled in the Incarnation !

" O Saul, it shall be," says that great poet, Browning, whom I have mentioned before :

A face like my face that receives thee : a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever ! A Hand like
this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the
CHRIST stand !

And is it not true that it is the Man CHRIST JESUS Who has won us, so far as we are won to God ? A human Person, the most lovable Person the world has ever seen ! God knew what He was doing when He sent His SON JESUS CHRIST, first as a Baby lying in a manger, then as a living Man who drew the

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world to GOD. "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." And as we go out with our missions year by year, month by month, it is just that note upon which we trust :

O come to the merciful SAVIOUR, Who calls you,
O come to the LORD, Who forgives and forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright Home above, where the sun never
sets.

How often have I taken choirs in missions through the Dock district of the East End on a dark night, and have heard that hymn sung through the mist and the fog, so that it sounded almost like angels pleading with a lost world. And we *have* drawn them. We have drawn those outcasts, so far as they are drawn, with "cords of a man and the bands of love." Not long ago there were six hundred men listening to my message in Bethnal Green in one hall, where twenty-four years ago there would not have been ten. There is only one mistake in that hymn we sometimes sing, in which we say : "Although our LORD is gone." He is not gone at all ; He is only visibly gone. He is present in the SPIRIT all the days even to the end of the world.

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But when He was visibly gone, it was still to "the cords of a man and the bands of love" that He entrusted the missionary work of His Church—and mind you, of the whole Church. There is no more fundamental heresy than that contained in the saying so often uttered to a young man going to be ordained: "And so you are going into the Church?" We may laugh at it, as if it were just a foolish mistake of language. But it is much more than that. It points to the fundamental mistake which is the cause of our failure, when we fail. If once we realised that the whole Church was entrusted with the missionary work of the Church—that the whole Church, every layman, every man, every woman, was as much responsible as the Bishop or the priests for winning London to God, it would absolutely make the whole difference. "You are going into the Church"—what does such language lead to? A cold criticism as from outsiders. Only yesterday I heard a man—a great, powerful-looking layman who had been living in the middle of Africa—talking almost with contempt of the efforts of "the parson" who lived near him to convert the

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heathen to GOD. I said to him, smilingly, though I really meant it: "Why, what did GOD mean but that you personally, whom the natives know, should be having a Bible-class every Sunday; that you should be a licensed lay-reader, and holding mission services? That was what GOD meant; not that you should criticise the over-worked and often under-paid missionary." When I said that I was really laying my finger on the cause of the failure of the Church. I am certain that many Englishmen still have that fundamental mistake in their minds to-day. Go to a Mohammedan country, and you will see why the Mohammedans are driving the Christians out of parts of Africa. It is because every Mohammedan is a burning missionary. Every Mohammedan merchant or trader is an eager missionary for his faith, and we are not. We are not. Why, if every Christian realised that he was part of a priestly body, and that the priests (of whom I shall speak in a moment) were only the organs of the body, half our difficulties would disappear. It would be a positive revelation to some of you if you realised that the world was waiting for *you*. "The cords

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of a man and the bands of love!"—yes, but *you* are the man, and *yours* is the love that the world is waiting for. That friend of yours cannot be brought to God unless *you* do it. Those people in the City who have so little belief in God—*you* are the person to make them believe in Him. Without *you* they will never be brought to God, and *you* will be responsible at the last day.

And that is true of all our mission work in London. People talk of the Bishop of London's Fund as though it was something that I am responsible for. But it is something which everyone is responsible for. So also is this true of work abroad. If it is a fundamental heresy to say "So you are going into the Church?" so also it is a fundamental heresy to say, "I do not believe in foreign missions." Someone said that to me last week. Not to believe in foreign missions is to disown the sovereignty of JESUS CHRIST over the whole world. If we are a dead Church at home, it is because the missionary spirit has died out of the Church. If the missionary spirit is dead, the Church is dead.

I would ask you, then, as the message of to-day

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rings in our ears, what part are you taking in the great missionary work of JESUS CHRIST as in God's Name He wins the world?

And yet while I say this it is true that GOD has ordained a special ministry both in the Old Testament and in the New, to be the organs of the priestly body. It is the Will of GOD that there should be men who should speak for the Church to GOD—who should speak from GOD to the Church, and who should speak on behalf of GOD and of the Church to the world. And while it is a fatal error, as we have seen, to leave the work to the clergy, yet we should all feel that it was a blasphemous thing for any man to walk up out of the congregation and consecrate the Holy Mysteries, unless he was called by GOD to do so—prepared and sent and ordained to do so. We all feel that. And therefore there is a special ministry. The organs of the body are set apart, deacons, priests and Bishops are ordained and consecrated for their special work. Next Sunday there will be walking down the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral another body of fifty or more young men who will have been called and prepared and ordained.

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What is your attitude towards them? Do they find in the Church at large a loving welcome, a prayerful holding up of hands for them, or is there a cold and sometimes cynical criticism of them? If we had a more praying Church we should have a more efficient ministry. They are what you make them. In many parishes they do pray most earnestly for the coming curate, and when he comes he finds a number of people who have been praying for him, and he receives a spiritual welcome. What we clergy all feel is that we really depend on you. We are what you make us. Do pray more for us; pray for the younger clergy who are to be ordained; give us more funds to prepare them for the ministry; numbers are waiting and giving in their names, but we have not the funds to prepare them, and we dare not lower the standard of the Church. And also give generously for the support of your own clergy.

And then, do you ever pray for me, your Bishop? Do you realise what a responsibility it is to try to win London to God? Do you realise what perplexities there are, and how

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often one would be disheartened but for the prayers of people? It is only seldom one can come to a special church, but be sure I often speak about you and think about you. You ought to bear me up with your prayers and sympathy. You ought to help me to draw London to God by the cords of a man and the bands of love.

And so, with these thoughts in our minds, let us turn to the beautiful Collect for this Sunday:

“ . . . Grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. . . .”

What is it in our hearts that is preventing JESUS CHRIST coming in to them? Pride, lust, conceit, jealousy? Away with it.

O come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

That is the prayer for every Christian before Christmas. My office, my warehouse, my home—is that pure? Is it easy for a boy or girl in my office to be a Christian? If not, I am not a minister or a steward of God's

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mysteries. My home—is religion ever laughed at in it, the Bible joked about, the clergy criticised, before the children? Or is the home a place which leads you and every child and every visitor in it, to believe in God and to serve Him better? And if we do resolve, all of us, from the Bishop to the youngest boy in the choir, to get our hands upon “the cords of a man and the bands of love”—then, with a certainty which we hardly expect, and with a rapidity which will astonish beholders, the grey apathy of an unbelieving world will melt into the warm glow of a believing Church.

XIII

THE DAY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD*

“Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.”—ISA. lx. 1.

MANY of us no doubt have read a book that is called “The Day that Changed the World.” The fascination of that book is the picture that it gives of what would happen in the world if those who professed to believe in a living God really did believe in Him. Of course, there are features in the book which make one sometimes smile. The slums are filled with the motor-cars of the rich, to take the children of the poor for drives, and one remembers, of course, that it is a living wage that people want, rather than charity. The dark blots in central London are no longer tolerated by an apathetic public, but every man

* Preached at All Saints’ Church, Fulham, on Christmas Day, 1912.

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who believes in GOD works for GOD, and within a few months those dark blots are swept away. The owners of bad houses and ill-kept public-houses in the slums for the first time go down to visit their property. They see the source from which their money has come, and, horror-stricken and penitent, they at last rebuild the houses from which their ill-gotten gains have come. Ladies of leisure, living on their safe incomes in Surrey, wake up to realise the lives of cultured selfishness which they are living, and offer themselves for service in the great city. Men who had lightly sneered at religion before boys see the living GOD Whom they blasphemed face to face for the first time; and women who had lightly taken away their neighbour's character see before their eyes, on the day that changed the world, the CHRIST whom they had blasphemed. On the day that changed the world, the kingdom of GOD came at last.

And if the fascination of the picture is the wonderful change that came, the lesson of it is that it came from no new law, from no new social programme, but from a change of spirit. No doubt that change of spirit did result in

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new laws, and did result in new social relations, but it was the change of spirit that mattered. There came a new motive, a new power, and a new ideal into the world, and it was these three things that changed the world.

Now, such a book as that sets one thinking. It has set many people thinking in London. It was Dr. Meyer whom I first heard speak of the book, when he and I were addressing together three or four thousand men in Shore-ditch one Sunday afternoon. It sets one thinking, Is this change possible? Are we to wait for some puff of wind out of the west, which in the story brought in the day that changed the world? Are we to go on drifting apathetically till something happens? Or can it be that the day which changed the world has come? And with the chorus, as it were, of the angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven, the Christmas proclamation comes to us this morning: "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the LORD has arisen upon you."

The day that changed the world is Christmas Day. For if we consider what the first thing that would have to come into such a world as

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we know to change it, it would have to be deathless, energetic, eager, dauntless Love. That is the first thing that would shame our petty jealousies, wake us up from our life of easy selfishness, and make impossible half the things we see in London to-day. Love instead of lust—eager, keen, tireless, energetic love—that works all day and sleeps at night only to wake again for its undaunted work.

That is the first thing we want. And did it not come on Christmas Day? In one of the poorest infirmaries in London yesterday, with a crib in front of me, I pictured to children the Babe lying in the manger ; and, after all these centuries of Christian teaching, I believe there is not one-half of the Christian people of this country who believe or really understand what happened on Christmas Day—that the Eternal SON of GOD, the Supreme Captain of the Heavenly host, whose lightest word was law in Heaven, whose glance it was an honour even for an Archangel to receive, from whose word sprung the worlds—that He came down to one planet going round one of the twenty millions of suns He had made, and that He lay, not in

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some gorgeous palace, but in a manger. He did not come as a conqueror or a prince, but lay in a cave which I have seen since last Christmas Day—a cave underneath a poor inn. He lay as a babe in a manger. No wonder it stirred the Heavenly hosts to their depths :

No angel in the sky
Could fully bear that sight,
But downwards turned his glistening eye
At mysteries so bright.

If we believe that dauntless, unbroken, unconquerable love came into the world on Christmas Day, why has it not changed the world more than it has ? Because Christians have not caught the light which they were meant to catch, and have not flashed it into all the dark places of the world ; because we do not believe our own Gospel. Why is there, after two thousand years of Christianity, the shadow of possibly a European war ? Because we have not believed the Christian Gospel. Do let us at least this Christmas gather in prayer round the Conference* held in our midst in this country,

* The Conference of Balkan and Turkish peace delegates, London, December and January, 1912-1913.

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chosen, to our great honour, out of all other places in the world. Let us gather round that Conference with our Christian prayers that, out of the cloud may flash the light, and that freedom and happiness and peace shall come at last to that portion of the earth where up to now there has been nothing but misery, discord, and war.

But it is not only that war would fly before the oncoming of unselfish, glorious, energetic love, but that all things that mar the life of London would fly too. There has been a flash of it which has begun to send the White Slave Traffickers in flight out of our land already. There has been the flash of an indignant nation, but it is only the beginning of what must flash out if the day that changed the world is to dawn in our nation. We need first of all a public opinion which shall make it possible for us to deal with all these problems ; we must get rid of the apathy of good people ; we must get rid of the tittle-tattle of ill-natured gossip ; all that will fly before the great sun of love when it really bursts into the world.

But not only is it a new motive that we need,

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but a new power. Most of us want to be good vaguely, but we want something which at the critical moment of our temptation shall master our passions, control our wills, change the hot answer into a word of love. We want grace, and did not the new grace come on Christmas Day? What does the Scripture say? "The glory, grace, and truth of GOD shone in the face of JESUS CHRIST." Have you all asked the Divine Child to come into your heart? Have you all made, or are you about to make reverently your Christmas Communion? Have you ever asked the Child of Christmas Day, full of grace and truth, to make His home in your heart? Then ask Him this morning:

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

And if there is room—if among the crowded cries and thoughts of to-day, and the schemes and the plans and other loves there is room—as certainly as the sun is in the heaven He will come, and you will have a new power and a new grace, and you will be astonished at what

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the coming will bring forth, for there will be "CHRIST in you, the hope of glory."

But if this great change is to come into the world, not only is there to be a new motive and a new power, but also a new ideal. Glory—what is glory? We speak about glory as if it were something which belonged to another world. We sing "the Glory Song," the special song of a mission that once came to London—or we sing about the "Land of Hope and Glory." But do we realise that glory is something to do with our life here? "The glory of the LORD has risen upon thee." There ought to be about every Christian life a kind of distinction—something different from what there is about a person who is not a Christian. Such a man or woman ought to be separate, marked by an unselfishness, by "a light that never was on land or sea," but which lights up the Christian's path if he believes in the Incarnation. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee." Is there the glory of the LORD about your life? Is there the glory of the LORD about my life? If not, I have not understood the Christmas

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message, and I have not lighted myself by the light of the day that changed the world.

Let us, then, begin with ourselves ; let us ask that a new motive and a new power and a new ideal may be ours from to-day. Let us make the day that changed the world first change our little world where we live ; let that spirit, that power, be the motive spirit and the motive power of our home. Have you never done anything to make anyone happy ? Begin to-day. We are to cheer our poorer neighbours to-day by a gift of coal to warm them. Let that be a little beginning, but, before this day comes to a close, do something to make someone happier, and if your life is like a shadow or a curse upon some life, resolve to exchange hate for love before the sun sets to-day. Let us make our borough a model borough—a borough in which the day breaks that changed the world, that we may bear one another's burdens and have love and charity here, from end to end of the place where we live. Let that light shine upon the Church here ; let there be no bitterness between Church and chapel, no word said, no deed done to injure or wrong one another.

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And if we begin in our own place with the day that changed the world, who knows but that from this little spot of the "village of the birds" (which the name Fulham connotes), there may begin to dawn a light that shall spread from East to West and from West to East again, which shall brighten the whole horizon until the world at last begins to understand what did happen on Christmas Day, and when they see light and love, on this day of light and love, pour down upon the world at last, they shall say, "This is the day which the LORD hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it."

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